CHUNDA

A STORY OF THE NAVAJOS

BY HORATIO OLIVER LADD

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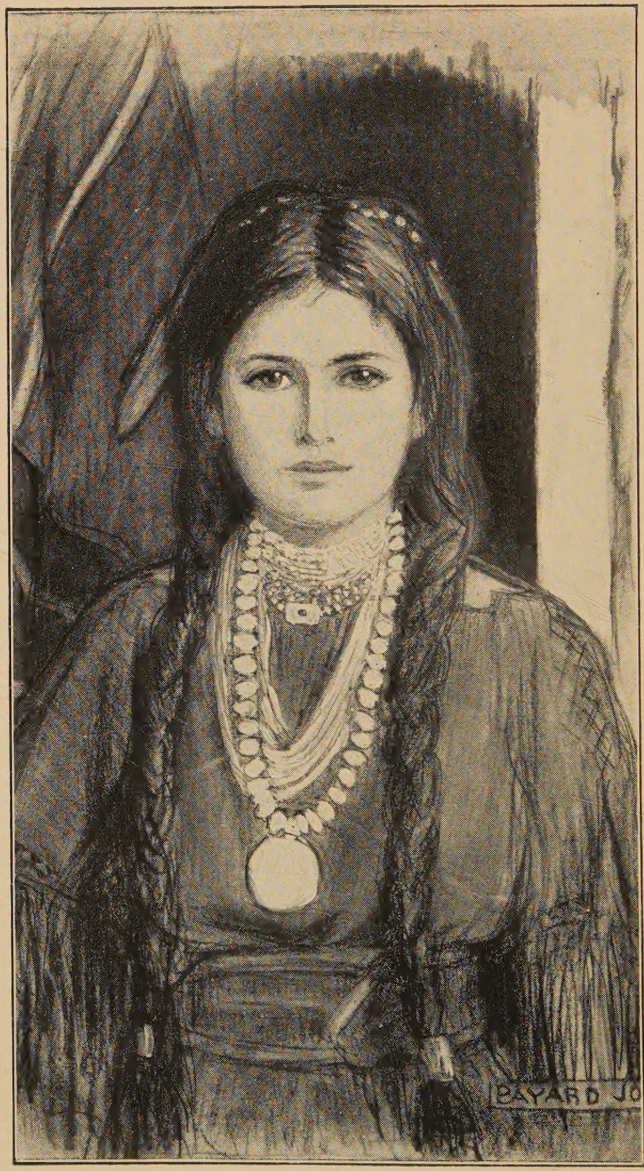

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A STORY OF THE NAVAJOS

BY

HORATIO OLIVER LADD

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TO MY
BELOVED AND DEVOTED WIFE
HARRIETT VAUGHAN ABBOTT LADD

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CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	Off the Trail	3
II.	Hot-si	9
III.	The Races	17
IV.	Hut-tah	23
V.	The Shamans' Dance	34
VI.	Chunda	43
VII.	Tswane	51
VIII.	Hedipa	60
IX.	The Ancient Navajo	69
X.	A Ride to Freedom	80
XI.	Returned and Released	87
XII.	In the House of Hedipa	98
XIII.	A Woman's Rage	103
XIV.	Transformed	115
XV.	Inspirations	119
XVI.	Eulalia Lawton	129
XVII.	Revelations	139
XVIII.	On the Heights	151
XIX.	A Woman's Pleading	161
XX.	A Godspeed	173
XXI.	A Broken Pledge	180
XXII.	Nizenni	197
XXIII.	The Daughter of Hedipa	210
XXIV.	Shadows in a Clear Sky	214
XXV.	The Capture	222
XXVI.	In the Hidden Stronghold	231
XXVII.	Through the Fires into Life	243

ILLUSTRATIONS

	Facing Page
Chunda - - - - - -	Frontispiece
Hut-tah - - - - - - -	28
Hot-si - - - - - - -	36
Hedipa - - - - - - -	61
The Ancient Navajo - - - - -	71
The Cave - - - - - - -	108
Entrance to the Gorge - - - - -	235

I

CHAPTER I

OFF THE TRAIL

"THESE horses are dragging us to certain death on the bottom of that black cañon," shouted the guide, with a terrible oath.

In the gloom of a mesa park covered with lofty pines two men were struggling with their horses, which were trying to free themselves from a rude buckboard wagon. The Indian trail across this mountain plateau, to which they ascended from the Fort Defiance agency early in the morning, had led them astray. In the afternoon they had lost the new wagon road to Chin-a-li, which the guide had confidently chosen, but had turned into this well-worn trail for ponies, which made but an uncertain and difficult track for wheels.

The two horses, well jaded and cross from hard usage, were showing a dangerous temper, but the desperate driver swore that they should bring his companion and himself to their destination in the Cañon de Chelly[1] by noon of the next day.

The darkness was deepened by the shadows which the moon cast through the dense treetops, yet wherever the trail would permit the horses leaped forward on an uneven gallop to avoid the deep ruts. Suddenly they stopped, and the driver,

[1]Pronounced Canyon de Shay.

trusting their intelligence, threw down the reins, leaped to the ground, and sprang forward to seize their bits with an exclamation which thoroughly aroused the traveler by its accents of terror mingled with the profanity to which his ears had become accustomed.

They were on the brink of a steep gorge, to which the bridle path they had been following descended, winding along the ledge dangerous for the sure steps of Navajo ponies and impassable for wheels.

The traveler slipped cautiously from the rear of the buckboard as the two horses, now thoroughly frightened, were rearing and plunging in their efforts to wheel from the brink of the precipice. Though heavily laden, the vehicle was at last pulled back over the rough ground strewn with loose stones, and when the horses were quieted, though still trembling at their fright, the guide said:

"Professor, we must camp here, and let up on this trail, or we shall not reach Chin-a-li alive. We are off the road, and I confess I don't know where we are."

"Well," said his companion, "you are right now. It has been evident to me that you have been driving wild since three o'clock this afternoon."

The guide muttered an oath, and turned his horses aside into level and open ground that was less densely covered with pines.

"You have lost the trail and made it doubtful whether we see the great Yavishe dance tomorrow," continued the Professor. "However, we have just

saved our necks, and we will shake off the troubles of today and get some rest."

"There is a big pine," answered the guide, "and plenty of wood in that rotten trunk near it," pointing to a huge tree that must have fallen many years before in the path of a storm.

"We will camp here," said the Professor, as they drove up under the dark pine branches, and he pointed out to the open ground where, in the light of the September moon, there seemed to be good grass for the horses.

The animals were turned loose, and firewood was gathered. Soon by the glare of a blazing fire a bed of fragrant piñon boughs was made, partly protected from the cold wind by the butt of the tree. A little bread and jelly, the remains of the noonday lunch, and a dipper of water gave a slight refreshment to the travelers, and then, with backs to the tree and feet toward the fire, they rolled their cigarettes and talked far into the night hours over their adventures.

Soon their conversation drifted to the traditions of the powerful tribe in whose reservation they were lost. They were twenty-five miles away from any white man, in the heart of the Navajo country, where seventeen thousand of the most uncivilized and powerful savages of the Apache race roamed at will, with herds of horses or flocks of sheep, or sojourned for a few weeks beside some fertile spot in the vicinity of a stream to raise their annual crops of maize and beans and melons.

Tales of waylaid hunters or prospectors through these wilds at first beguiled the hours. Then the customs of this strange people, with an ancestry and history among these mountainous plateaus extending back more than three hundred years, entertained the missionary teacher, who had come three hundred miles into this desolate region to be present at the great meeting of the Navajos. He was bearing an important message from the President at Washington, and an offer from the Indian Bureau of new arrangements for the industrial education of their children in his school at San Gabriel.

A failure to reach the Cañon de Chelly next day would bring a disheartening sense of a Providence adverse to cherished plans, but his faith and purpose had often thus been tested, while his motives had been purified.

But to Redford there was no fear of actual disaster as he stretched his vigorous limbs upon the soft bed of pine twigs and looked out upon the grassy plain softly shimmering in the moonlight on that mesa park. There had been many delays to his purpose to redeem the wild Apache peoples from barbarism; but the courage of a God-given mission had repeatedly swept away the opposition which selfishness and jealousy in the hearts of his countrymen had raised before him, and he had made steady progress from year to year in his far-reaching enterprises. The Navajos were a shrewd and crafty people. They had jealously guarded against the incursions of white men into their extended country,

for they knew the covetousness of American frontiersmen, as well as of the Spanish colonists. They had yielded to the power of the United States government in successive defeats, but they were armed for vigilant repulsion of the settler, the miner, and the missionary who should attempt to gain foothold in their territory, which was five times as large as one of the more important states that a New England pioneer would leave to try his fortunes in the Southwest.

Redford had now penetrated these rarely visited Indian wilds in Arizona, and attempted to conquer the inveterate prejudice of tradition and the personal hostility of the crafty medicine men so powerful in their tribes.

His purpose was to educate their youth. A few had been rescued by other pioneers in these educational efforts, but, returning to their tribes in the garb of American youth, and with notions of a different life from their fathers, had been hated as aliens from the traditions and honor of their people.

Most of them had been discouraged and returned to the ways of their tribe. A few had turned their skill to the acquisition of larger herds of horses, and other pastoral wealth. More had fallen into the vices of gambling, or taken up the crafts of necromancy with the increased skill which education had imparted. Still, there was leaven working among the people, and a few of the principal men were disposed to try the methods of the white man in agriculture and in building permanent abodes.

Here and there a log cabin had been erected, but on account of their customs of death and burial, which denied forever the use of the hogan of the deceased if he had occupied it to the last breath, some of these new cabins were filled with terrors, and for this reason many of them had been deserted.

But it had been found that whoever had built a cabin had first learned the use of tools. One innovation had led to another, and the medicine men were alarmed. To recover their hold upon the wavering they had determined on a grander display of barbaric custom and array than usual. They had persuaded a devotee to their craft to summon the medicine men and their tribe far and near to a dance for the relief of a long-standing malady, and the call had gone out throughout the tribe to assemble in great numbers at Chin-a-li.

Into the midst of this assembly Redford had determined to go alone, braving whatever dangers he might meet. Taking only a guide, he had engaged an interpreter to meet him at the great dance which had been announced.

The cry of the coyotes around his strange and lonely bed that night reminded him of the evil-minded Navajos that might have followed his trail from the agency. But the inspiring air of a clear September night dispelled doubts and fears, and he closed his eyes to rest with a confidence that his way was guarded by One who would make it clear in the light of another day.

CHAPTER II

HOT-SI

The night had sped on over the undisturbed sleeper toward the earliest flush of a clear September morning, when Redford awoke to find himself apparently alone. Neither guide nor horses were in sight; but there was a strange feeling, perhaps from a dream, that someone was watching him. Slightly turning his head, he saw not far off a young Navajo about eighteen years old, who, with rifle in hand for instant use, fixed on Redford a cunning but not hostile eye, while he keenly watched every movement.

Redford remained quietly stretched upon the ground without betraying any sign of fear or surprise. He had learned in his life among the Apaches that courage was the best protection from their violence and commanded the respect of the savage, who is really brave only when he has advantage over his foes or, like brutes, when brought to bay.

The Navajo waited till Redford slowly rose halfway to his feet and looked around for the guide, who was still beyond sight. Then he pointed to the open ground with a sign which the Navajo understood. Turning to the buckboard, on the pole of which the harnesses were lying, the young hunter looked toward a ridge beyond the plain, and indi-

cated the direction which Parker, the guide, had taken in search of the stray horses.

This friendly act quieted whatever of alarm existed in Redford, who tossed a small bag of tobacco toward the Navajo and waited his next movement. He slowly picked this peace offering from the ground and, with a smile, put it into the fold of his blanket; then, approaching the smoking embers of the camp fire, sat down by the side of this white stranger. Taking out a strip of dry corn husk from his buckskin wallet, he rolled a cigarette, while Redford, handing to him a live brand, pointed to a distant trail and said:

"Chin-a-li?"

As the Navajo rose and with outstretched arm showed the direction of the Cañon de Chelly there was a brightening of his eyes from a sense of being trusted by the white man.

Confident that the young Indian would in some way open a way to the hearts of his tribe, Redford took a more deliberate survey of his new acquaintance. The Navajo was tall and slender, with compact shoulders, his ruddy skin clear and dark. His broad head, with straight black hair parted in the middle and bound by a red and white figured cotton kerchief, had a face typically Indian, but his large mouth and brilliant eyes combined intelligence with shrewdness and a kind disposition.

He wore light-colored moccasins, topped with leggins to the knees and fastened there with finely woven red and yellow bands. Above these hung

loose short trousers of faded yellow cotton; and a coarse Navajo blanket with red, blue and yellow stripes was gathered over the shoulders and fastened in folds around the waist.

Beneath this could be seen a belt of Winchester cartridges, a leather purse, and the tip of a hunting case hanging at his left side. Two limp coyote skins fastened to his belt hung behind. They had been taken evidently in yesterday's hunting.

Redford recognized beneath his freshly painted cheeks a face which he had noticed in the agency at Fort Defiance two days before. It was Hot-si, a youth famous already as a hunter and a worthy successor to his father, Ha-tsi-niniski, a Navajo chief and recognized leader of about three thousand of the tribe frequenting the region around the Cañon de Chelly.

As Redford and the youth smoked in silence their thoughts were far differently measuring the strange causes of their meeting. To Redford it was the friendly aid of Heaven to enable him to reach the great assembly of the Navajos before they were scattered again among their hogans. He hummed a line of a hymn which he had sung in his boyhood, and looked out again upon the open ground for some sign of the stray horses. There was one of them just leaving the edge of the woods half a mile away. Seizing a bridle, he started toward the horse, knowing that his mate would be near him. A faint call came over the ridge as he approached it, and he perceived Parker leading the other horse.

As the guide approached the fire, upon which had been piled dried piñon knots which were cheerfully blazing in the chilly autumn air, he discovered the Navajo with evident relief, for he had been unable to locate the camp, so far had they wandered from the trail. He had met the young hunter at Fort Defiance, and was soon in friendly conversation with him in Navajo, of which he knew the commonest phrases and the words needed in trading; but he was not pleased to learn that it would take the greater part of the day to regain the wagon road and reach the mouth of the Chelly Cañon.

A piece of cold bread with jelly and a bit of jerked beef with a cup of water made up their scanty breakfast, but it was shared with Hot-si, who had meanwhile been giving them some desired information as to the purpose of and principal actors in the great dance that was to take place that evening. Having promised to meet them at Chin-a-li, the hunter disappeared over the edge of the gorge upon which, in the darkness of the preceding night, they had driven with such peril.

The horses had finished their corn, and the buckboard was carefully packed for a still rougher journey than yesterday. To drive across the wooded ridge without a trail, to lift the wagon over the bowlders and tree trunks, and to restrain the plunging animals, fretted by their uncertain footholds in the loose rocks, occupied two anxious hours; but the brilliant sunlight illumined the shaded wagon trail, which was at last reached, and made a

strangely interesting journey through the mountain park.

An hour before noon the buckboard was on the edge of another gorge leading into the Chelly Cañon, whose red and yellow sides had been occasionally seen from open points on the trail ten miles away.

Redford leaped from the wagon to look down the precipice at his feet, and through this cleft of the mesa into the main cañon, which his field glass brought near. Massive walls, with bright colors at the top deepening to dark shadows toward the bottom of the gorge, rose to a height of eight hundred feet. A shining stream with sandy edges was winding about their base. From its rippling water stretched a vivid spot of green meadow and a cultivated patch of maize and bush beans into a rincon opposite. A tree of some kind was growing from the bank of the stream, and a jagged, precipitous gorge led from where he stood down to this first glimpse into the region of the most ancient cliff dwellers of Arizona, so often pictured in Redford's dreams.

It was yet a long drive of five hours by the trail to Chin-a-li. About three o'clock in the afternoon their road led out to the top of the cañon, from which, for more than two miles, the trail made a winding descent, often on bare rock, a thousand feet down the steep sides. At a point five hundred feet from the bottom, where the cañon made a turn, the travelers looked down upon a novel scene.

A sandy plain a mile and a half wide extended

between the low, black, rocky bluffs which constituted the mouth of the Chelly Cañon. Beyond these massive portals to the gorge on the right flowed the stream of the Chelly out upon a broader plain, which reached to the Carizo Mountains, rising in five successive terraces to a height of eight thousand feet, where these mesas became jagged and bare of trees.

Along this stream for three or four miles could be seen cornfields with stalks still standing, among which were shining heaps of brilliantly colored ears of corn, near to the scattered hogans of the Navajo families who tilled the plain.

But the nearer sights in the basin of Chin-a-li at once filled the heart of the missionary with strange emotions. Fifteen hundred Navajos were already gathered upon this nearer plain in front of a solitary trading post which stood beneath the black bluff. They were mostly on horseback and riding restlessly from one place to another, or standing in groups near booths of oak branches which had been hastily erected as the central point for their games and dances.

A group of two or three hundred were intently watching a peculiar game where a dozen youths were guiding hoops over an open space with long poles decked with strips of colored deerskin. Others farther away were gathered for a horse race, and at two points the crowd were betting as patrons of the rival ponies. Clearly outlined against the western sky were twenty or thirty Navajos on foot or sitting motionless on their horses, and on the distant

trails stragglers could be seen urging their ponies toward the level stretch chosen for the race.

Redford was by nature sensitive to the effect of color and motion, and he gazed with intense enjoyment upon the picture in living forms thus suddenly brought to his view. With a fervent desire to perpetuate it on canvas with an artist's skill, he gathered the whole scene into his vision—the restless moving mass in the center, the statuelike figures of horsemen and horses on the bluffs or scattered over the plain, the eddying circles of riders gathering into groups, the lithe-limbed youth at their games, the multitude in gay colors of Navajo blankets, loose cotton trousers flapping in the wind, and the dark background of low-lying bluffs encircling the sandy plain in which these living figures appeared in bright and clear relief under the brilliant sky. The momentary delirium of his senses passed away, and Redford's heart kindled with a new impulse to accomplish his high purpose.

But to descend into this plain among two thousand lawless barbarians and be the only white man, save his guide and the post trader, in the midst of this savage life was, for the moment, appalling. There was no retreat now, for the buckboard had been seen on the cliff, and an unhesitating advance was the only course to take. A half-hour's descent over the smooth ledges was accomplished with more fear of the perils which every step of the horses seemed to increase than of the reception awaiting them below. As the travelers drove up to the trad-

ing post hundreds of curious Navajos surrounded the carriage, clamoring for tobacco which the post trader had promised should come with the next arrival from the agency.

Redford had a good stock of it in his knapsack, and as he leaped to the ground threw a few packages to the crowd as a peace offering, which at once set the Indians in good humor with the stranger.

CHAPTER III

THE RACES

Ha-tsi-niniski, the chief of the Navajos near the Tunicha Mountains, had been informed by the interpreter of Redford's errand from Washington and greeted him with respect as the representative of the government. With a cordial reply Redford took the chief's hand and returned the friendly embrace, a courtesy which the Apache and Pueblo Indians of the Southwest readily extend to those whom they regard with favor.

Through the interpreter Redford asked permission to speak to the people, and was promised an opportunity an hour before sundown, when the great dance would begin. The chieftain then invited his guest to view the games and races, and after a simple meal in the post trader's tent, and a refreshing of his sunburnt face in the cool waters of the Chelly, Redford prepared himself to mingle with the crowd in their diversions.

But as he looked out from the trading post upon the restless throngs in their strange garb he contrasted them with similar gatherings of his own people when met for country fairs and on the race courses or on athletic game grounds. The same love of play and excitement was then displayed by educated or well-dressed working people as by these

children of nature, who seemed to have no care nor thought beyond the sport of the hour, the ownership of their horses decked with silver-mounted bridles and saddles, and the gayly colored blankets which hung gracefully over their shoulders, or the gaudy trinkets and paints that adorned their arms, necks and faces.

"All the world is kin," he exclaimed as he glanced around to find some way across the barriers of speech and custom that separated him from this people. "Shall these handsome savages live and die in the midst of our nation, which is proud of its civilization and religion, and yet shall they never know a higher life than this? Amusement is the end of their lives, excitement is their religion, their worship is the basest superstition. Yet how little do they differ in their enjoyments from myriads of my own countrymen who arrogantly or sneeringly pretend to say that the Indian is less than human, and has neither mental capacity nor moral character worth saving to humankind. These people are ignorant and out of the way," he sighed. "Cannot someone lead them to an intelligent and industrious life, from which, perhaps, in centuries past, their ancestors have fallen? Is their deliverer to come from another race, or is he standing here among his own, whom they know not, some youth upon whom the heavenly Father has set his mark, to reveal in coming years on some Jordan's bank by a baptism of suffering?"

As Redford slowly walked down the plain, toward

the throng where it was thickest and noisiest, he noticed with how little rudeness of gaze he was regarded by the groups he passed.

"They have at least a native courtesy," he said, in low tones, "which forbids them to stare. How unlike our American crowds!"

The rudest neither giggled nor jeered at the stranger so unlike them in dress and appearance. The Apache is cruel and merciless, but in peaceful intercourse with a stranger he is seldom rude in speech or manner.

The crowd of Navajos was now extending out upon the plain preparing for the race. Quietly passing through the motley group where they were most intent, Redford discovered that two horses with their riders were the subject of their discussion. There were no loud or heated words, but everyone—man, woman, or child—was individually a judge of the favorite. They were betting on the result, but there was no delivery of their stakes. The owner of each horse was apparently betting against the crowd, who carried behind their saddles, as their pledges, rolls of cotton, fruits and various articles of merchandise. Some had saddle blankets, bridles and tanned skins of the mountain lion hanging from their belts or saddles, which they were offering to wager on the competing horses. These stood side by side on the plain, a gray and a sorrel, with only a tightly girthed saddle blanket on their backs, and riders whose long hair was confined by a narrow red band around their brows.

As they slowly trotted out to the starting place, half a mile away, another, but smaller, group of mounted Navajos waited to receive them, and the crowd drew out, leaving a long lane of horses' heads intermingled with spectators on foot, close to the line where the race was to be run.

Redford took a place as near as possible to the finish, straining with the eager Navajos to command a sight of the long vista, brightly bordered with color from the blankets and trousers of the men and the glistening trappings of their horses.

There were no false starts in this race. At a word the horses leaped the line and entered upon a full gallop. The enthusiasm of the Apache heart finds, on such occasions, the same expression as the white man's. The cheers and shrill cries of the distant Navajos rolled on ahead of the flying horses toward the spot where Redford stood. The white sand began to rise in thin wavy clouds. These wild horses of the plain spurned them with feet lifted high and dashed forward as if they caught the inspiration of a thousand comrades looking on, with whom they had scoured the plains under the cloudless skies above yonder lofty mesas.

The shouts increased in volume as they neared the finish, and the cheers of Navajos closing in behind them joined the roar of those who stood at the goal to greet them, and nerved the riders to the last spurt to win.

With streaming hair and savage yells they seemed to be the incarnated spirits of the leaping, panting,

wiry-limbed horses as they rushed past and cleared the narrowing space between them and the lariats stretched across the track on the sand. The sorrel leaped the bound by half a length ahead, and the crowd closed around the narrow space where two stalwart judges stood to give their decision without dispute or delay.

There upon the ground at the feet of the winner's owner the Navajos flung down their pledges, making upon the sand a motley heap of skins and belts and hunting knives and bolts of cloth, and then they silently rode away in squads or singly toward the trading post, or in an opposite direction to the eastern edge of the plain.

Word had been given by the chief to assemble at the post to hear a message from the Great Father at Washington. Redford could not understand the dispersion of the greater portion of the Navajos, but the interpreter had disappeared and he could make no inquiry as to their departure.

He was not a man to be easily disturbed by their apparent indifference. He began to reflect upon the message which was of so much importance to the accomplishment of the purpose of his long and somewhat perilous journey. He was to address a people whose words he could not understand, and whose hearts he could not read. He knew, however, that he was to strike at the deepest and strongest prejudices of the most influential members of the tribe. His art of persuasion would be lost in the double interpreting which his words would have—

first into Spanish, by which they were to be told to the chief, and then through that perhaps unfriendly mind to these Indians in their own barbarous speech. The fewest words, the briefest and clearest descriptions of what the President wished for them, and what his own thoughts had planned for this people, would, perhaps, be scarcely recognizable in their last utterance as translated by Ha-tsi-niniski.

He now understood the fatal misunderstandings in all the conferences of Indian commissioners and in the treaties of the government with the tribes, which had baffled good intentions and destroyed the confidence of the American Indians in that government, to which, in their straightforward way, they had so often appealed in vain for justice and kindness.

Yet he turned hopefully back to the trading post, where two or three hundred Navajo men and women were sitting on their horses or standing dismounted in expectation of his address; or perhaps of friendly gifts from Washington; and when his approach was noticed many of the Navajos came nearer to him from down the overhanging bluffs and from the vicinity of the booths upon the plain.

CHAPTER IV

HUT-TAH

The September sun was still an hour above the western mesas as Redford climbed to the roof of the store whither the chief and the interpreter had preceded him. The reddening rays gave an intensified wildness to the scene. Beneath him was the swaying crowd of Navajos, largely composed of squaws who sat astride their horses, clothed in their brightly colored blankets and dark woven skirts. Their black hair, gathered in plaits on the back of their heads, was uncovered, and their faces stained with less vivid colors than the men's. Far out upon the open plain, half a mile away, was the greater multitude all mounted and evidently preparing for some concerted action.

A shrill call from the chief aroused the attention of the people near him. After a few words in Navajo to them from Ha-tsi-niniski they turned their eyes eagerly upon Redford, to whom the chief made a dignified motion with his hand.

Rising to his feet, Redford first presented a letter of introduction from the agent of the Navajos to the chief. The interpreter was bidden to read it. This young Navajo, educated at the Carlisle School, readily translated it in a clear voice, and then turned to Redford with a request from the

chieftain that he should tell the people what was in his heart.

A quick glance revealed to the speaker that several of the foremost principal men of the tribe were near to watch his words and every expression of his face. Among them were Maitzo and Etsah, sons of the head chief, Manuelito, and many intelligent-looking squaws who had ridden nearer to the post as he rose to his feet, and were listening intently to the reading of the letter.

Redford well knew that his intended plea for the education of their youth and the gradual civilization of the whole tribe would not only encounter the barrier of their customs, but that a direct and violent opposition would at once arise to his arguments and even to his presence among this barbarous people. As he looked down upon the strange assembly below him and out upon the plain, he thought he already saw signs of resistance to him that were designed to turn these wild-faced riders against him and break up the conference in the confusion which their acts of hostility would produce.

The eager gaze of the principal men scattered among the crowd, the defiant faces of some of the more noticeable women, who he knew in every Apache tribe exerted a powerful influence, and the anxious expression in the countenances of others who seemed to be kindly disposed toward him, betokened a decided opposition near at hand. The ominous gathering of more than a thousand men

and women, whose massive array he could plainly see at the eastern edge of Chin-a-li, deepened his conviction, and aroused his courage, at the same time, to a bold but persuasive appeal to those who would listen to him.

All eyes were upon him now as he began to speak of the Great Father's kind thoughts for his children, and for their protection and welfare, who now gave his greetings of goodwill and counsel to them by the messenger standing before them. He told them of other tribes of the great Apache family to which the Navajos belonged who had listened to advice and sent their children to the schools provided for them; of the deeper interest of the Great Father and of Congress in their welfare because of the efforts of these tribes to become like the white man in wisdom and in their manner of living. They had houses and fields which they individually owned, and in the cultivation of which they took an honest pride and pleasure.

Then Redford showed them what that education was by photographs of the pupils, of the school buildings and of the work they had done. He told them of the arts of home life which they had learned. Here in these pictures were their houses, their schools, their churches, their stacks of grain and heaps of vegetables and fruits on the fields they had cultivated. Their children were pictured at play in American dresses. Their parents were working in the field, in barns, in stockyards. They had sawmills and flour mills on their lands, blacksmith

shops upon whose forges fires were glowing. They had basket factories and canneries beside their orchards, mowing machines and horserakes at work in their meadows, and yet these Navajos could see that the toilers so gladly at work were of their own race and countenance. Thus mingling illustrations with simple speech, Redford grew eager in his plea and fretted at its slow translation from English to Spanish and thence by Apache words to the comprehension of his hearers.

But as he turned his face toward the east his heart sank within him at the sight of a great movement in the distant mass of riders, which had already diverted the attention of those around him. The crimsoned light of the sun, low in the horizon, was falling upon the most stirring sight he had witnessed since he left the plains of Virginia in the midst of the great civil war.

A thousand Navajos were sweeping like a whirlwind across the plain toward him at the swiftest speed of their infuriated horses. Men and women, with their black hair and brilliant garments streaming in the wind, were making a wild race which tested to the utmost a thousand strong-limbed ponies and the fearless riding of their masters. Clouds of dust arose around them. In the crush, as they came toward the goal, men and women were hurled from their horses, but there was scarcely a break in the mass which eddied around them. Then the fleetest began to forge ahead and drew out in an irregular, wedge-shaped line. Its symmetry was soon lost as

at intervals a score of riders took the lead, while thundering behind was the mass of flashing color in quick motion, their silver ornaments and rifles glistening with a reddish hue, and coming near to the post.

Redford had involuntarily ceased to speak to the people, and was gazing now with admiration upon the bewildering scene. It was the rallying of barbaric force and display to kindle the passions of these hearts for their ancestral life and customs, and to withstand the new ideas which were appealing, not feebly, to their ambition and pride.

He watched the Navajos as they rode their panting horses slowly from the goal to join the assembly beneath him, and then made a last appeal for brotherhood with the white man in the life of the great American nation:

"Navajos! You have sometimes seen, from yonder mesa, the waters of this silvery stream near us, rolling more and more swiftly down that cañon and flowing out with great depth upon these plains. You have seen them carrying away the maize, the hogans, the fruit trees that your fathers planted in these rincons and on these banks. So is the white man. He is coming like a gathering stream from the far East, but a mighty flood of people is behind the white man whom you see, as was the vast lake behind the mountains in your tradition when the Navajo god tore the lofty mesa apart and made a way through this lofty Cañon de Chelly for the floods to sweep down and out upon yonder great plain.

"Navajos! The white men are the flood. You must not, like that frail hogan or those booths of branches, try to resist the mighty stream. Give up the customs of your tribe; join your lives with the white people. Become like them in your homes and your pleasures. Work with your hands like them and gather comforts and riches around you. Learn the white man's wisdom and skill of hand. Let your children be taught in schools as are his, and worship his God, the Father of us all, who hath given us everlasting life by his Son. Then shall your lives be like the spring waters and the rains in the summer to this land. The flood will not carry you away, but, like the peach orchards in the cañon above us, they shall be planted by the rivers whose leaf does not wither and whose fruit fails not."

The meaning of Redford's words slowly reached, through the two interpreters, the Navajos, who increased to a great throng around him.

There was a commotion as two or three tried to ride near to the trading post and make reply. Foremost was Hut-tah, who imperiously urged her horse to the front and waved her hand to those behind her, saying to the chief that she wished to say a word to the messenger from Washington.

Redford turned to see this famous woman of the tribe. She was strongly built, with broad shoulders and a stout, muscular body which, as she sat erect, gave at first the impression of a masculine character. A deep blue blanket striped with yellow hung across her bosom, fastened at the right shoulder

HUT-TAH

with a silver spangle. Her neck and left shoulder were bare. A closely woven woolen skirt reached to the top of white deerskin leggins which ended with moccasins covering her small feet.

Hut-tah, lifting one arm and pointing to Redford, with a clear voice addressed him in Navajo speech, and her words were directly interpreted to him as she spoke:

"The Navajos who hear me have had many words of advice from the Great Father before this man spoke to us. We feel kindly toward the Great Father. We have often prospered by doing what he has told us to do. We have raised more sheep and horses. We have sold our wool and blankets. We have produced more maize, and have many and better horses and a few cattle, since we came back to this land of our fathers.

"But we have our own way of making homes and of training our children. We have heard the stranger ask for our girls to place them in school far away from us. He would teach them to dress and to work and to live as we do not, and make them forget to love and obey their parents.

"Let this teacher say these words to the Great Father which I have now spoken, and tell him that the Navajo mothers love their girls too much to send them away, and we will have our children go to school in our own country, as the Great Father promised us when we came back to it."

There was a murmur of satisfaction in the assembly, breaking out into decided gutturals, "How,"

"How," "How," from prominent men in the throng. Redford knew that Hut-tah's bold opposition would have the effect to delay his success, if it did not defeat its purpose. She was the daughter of Narbonne, an influential chief of the conservative party in the tribe, and she had inherited a bitter feeling toward the white man, and cherished it herself from remembrance of their captivity on the reservation at Bosque Redondo.

"I wish to ask the teacher a question," said a Navajo man whose velvet tunic, the prized gift of an English hunter who had once visited the reservation, and large silver belt and buttons indicated special rank among his tribe. "The man has told us how much better an education at his school would make our children. We know that the white men send their children to school. They grow up and come to the country of the Apaches and of the Navajo. They get strong drink. They rob the Indian people of their lands and of their horses. They give them little money for their wool, and dig the silver and gold out of the hills in the Indian country and drive the red men away. They often shoot and kill our people if they resist such robbery. Will the teacher tell us if it is education that makes the white man do these things? Is it this education which he offers to us for our children? They are better without it."

Redford perceived that the men moved nearer to the trading post after this adroit reply.

"Navajos," said Redford, "you have among you

men with good hearts and men with bad hearts. With a bad heart, the more a Navajo knows the more evil he does. It is so with the white man. But we teach the youth to be good and kind to others as well as to know many things. Some of them become bad men and women, like some of your own Navajo youths brought up on the reservation."

Redford had paused at this reply, fearing lest he should say too much in defense of the barbarities of white men. Another stalwart Navajo took up the discussion; he was sitting on a large black horse which impatiently smote the sand with his front feet as if sharing the mood of his rider:

"Why do not the white men leave the Navajos alone? We wish to have nothing to do with them, but to abide in the land which the Great Father has promised shall always be ours. You say that the white men are like the overflowing waters from this river, and will destroy us if we do not become like them. But if they hate us now and desire our lands, much more will they be envious and cruel if we possess the land with them."

"But," replied Redford, "the government at Washington equally protects everyone who becomes a citizen and lives like the rest in obedience to the law."

"Why, then, will not the government keep the white man from our reservation? We do not disobey the laws that were made for the white men. They have not been given to the Navajos."

"It is because the Navajo claims to belong to

another people," said Redford, "and to have his own laws and customs, that the white man will crowd him and crush him with his power. This is what you and your fathers have tried to do to the Pueblo peoples in this country for three hundred years. A stronger race will ride over you, as just now your horses trampled on those who fell in that wild rush across the plain."

Redford's face had become flushed with tender feeling, his voice trembled with the earnestness of his entreaty, and yet its tone fell sadly on his own ears as he perceived how little he had effected by his speech; but, gathering up all his purpose in one short appeal, he said, with a pleading voice that reached to the farthest horseman on the edge of the assembly:

"Navajos! Friends! Will you not let us train your children to live as brothers with us and share our prosperity and power?"

There were many fierce or sullen faces turned toward him in that crowd, but nearly all of them were of men. Some looked sadly upon this pleader, whose heart had been deeply moved. They felt he was a friend, but dared not tell their wishes in the assembly, for the opposition of the medicine men and the leaders among the squaws was unmistakable.

The colloquy was ended, for the riders began to move toward the place prepared for the great Shaman dance. The chief, Ha-tsi-niniski, turned to Redford and courteously took his hand as he said:

"The people will think over what you have told them, and will give their reply tomorrow."

"My friends," Redford shouted, in ringing tones that arrested those who were already separated from the rest and departing, "I wish to give you a token of my goodwill to make you enjoy still more your great Shaman dance," and presented a sack of smoking tobacco in small packages to the chief.

Ha-tsi-niniski took the gift from his hands and began to throw the tobacco pouches down to the hundreds of Navajos below him. The scowls left their countenances, which lighted up into smiles that quickly became the laughter of surprise and jollity, and they were soon scrambling for the prizes of goodwill which were flying through the air.

CHAPTER V

THE SHAMANS' DANCE

THE darkness had now settled upon the great basin of Chin-a-li, and five or six camp fires cast a lurid light upon the low, rocky bluffs beneath which this great company of Navajo people was assembled.

Many who had remained upon their horses during the conference near the trading post store were still mounted, standing in the outer circles, while squaws and youths were sitting on the sides of the bluffs that here rose like the seats of a Grecian theater for these savage spectators.

The company of Navajos had swelled in numbers so that, in the deep shadows, they seemed to be a multitude. Hundreds were sitting on the ground around the fires where had been left an open space about fifty feet long and thirty feet wide, at one end of which was a large booth made of freshly cut branches of cottonwood trees. Near the other end of this open space was the hogan where the sick woman lived, whose evil spirit the Shamans had been summoned to cast out by their incantations and dancing.

Redford sought to divert his sad thoughts by a careful observance of the dance. Though the only white man among these savages, many of whom

were unfriendly, and uncertain of what adventures he might meet in the darkness, he knew that he had been received as the guest of their chief, and that as a messenger from Washington he could trust to their respect for the Great Father, whose words they had heard from him. But many had come from their distant hogans who had not been in the assembly where he had spoken, and there were as evil-minded men in this barbaric tribe as among other Apaches, who would, perhaps, take advantage of the darkness to rob or injure the stranger. Determined to keep a bold but cautious demeanor before these Navajos, Redford passed slowly among the horses and through the crowded circles of men and women sitting or standing around the fires. Now a friendly hand would be stretched out to him, or a mounted Navajo, whose face was visible by the firelight, would nod in recognition, while others were indifferent or averted their faces.

Redford was uncertainly advancing toward the hogan, when he felt a touch upon his shoulder. He looked back with a little alarm at this unusual movement.

"Wi-jee-gee-dee-ek," said a slow but distinct voice, and a hand was extended to him in the darkness.

The Navajo salutation, "My brother," was familiar to him, and a kind one, but he could not see the face.

"Ti-dow-olge?" ("What is the name?") he replied, and drew him toward the camp fire.

"Ind-ah Hot-si," said the Navajo; "Ind-ah-see-kis." ("I am Hot-si; I am a friend.")

Redford recognized the young hunter with whom he had parted that morning at his own camp fire on the distant Mesa de Vaca.

With a smile Hot-si put out his hand and pointed to the hogan.

Trusting to his guidance, Redford, now fully recognized by the Navajos in the firelight, nodded to them as he passed by and entered the hogan.

In the center a small fire was burning beneath the opening at the top where the poles met, upon which were interwoven branches and a coating of mud inside and outside of this conical-shaped dwelling. The place was filled with smoke, but Redford counted twenty-five or more Navajos sitting around the fire, on one side of which was the sick woman squatting upon the ground.

A low, monotonous beat of a tom-tom was kept up by someone hidden in the shadows and the smoke that filled the hogan with a thick bluish haze. Two or three medicine men were sitting near the sick squaw and uttering a low chant. They were preparing their patient for the great ceremonies which were to cure her of all her troubles by casting out the evil spirit who caused them.

At a signal the woman arose and taking a basket of corn meal scattered it first upon the Shamans, then upon the fire, then again upon herself and toward the people who sat around her as guards or comforters. This ceremony was repeated about

HOT-SI

every ten minutes for an hour, the chant being sung at intervals by the Shamans and by all the company with the incessant beating of the tom-tom.

Meanwhile, in the booth opposite the hogan where these preparatory rites were going on, the principal Shamans who were dancers had been getting ready for their all-night work. Redford, tiring of the scenes in the hogan, rose to his feet with his young guide and sought the fresh night air for relief. The throng of dark-faced people and horses, their colored garments and trappings heightened in effect by the fitful flames of the camp fires, were types of the mental and spiritual darkness which their dim perceptions made more sensible to his thoughtful gaze.

As Redford followed his Navajo friend through the crowd he felt his hands suddenly grasped, and before he knew whither he was being led he found himself sitting on the ground close to the open space for the dance, and by the full light of the fires under the gaze of hundreds of swarthy Apache faces.

The Shamans were still in their lodge of branches, and Redford improved the moments of waiting to scrutinize these worshipers of demons. Their countenances betrayed neither joy, faith, nor hope, but indifference or melancholy, as if they were forced, by the tyranny of superstition, to accept the services of the priests of witchcraft, who were about to "make medicine" in healing their patient.

Opposite to Redford the face of a young girl of about fourteen years arrested his attention. Her deep black eyes glistened in the firelight. Beneath

her thoughtful brow were cheeks less full than usual in Apache maidens. Her lips outlined a mouth that indicated firmness, but discontent. Her hair was combed neatly over her ears in the fashion of a maiden of her tribe. Her figure, though partly hidden in the folds of her blanket, was evidently slight and tall for her age.

Redford caught her eye fixed inquiringly upon him, and as she turned her head away he remembered that this face in the assembly an hour before had specially awakened his most earnest appeal to the Navajo women. A subtle recognition of a hungering spirit, awakened to a new but strangely thrilling destiny which she had even then experienced, had communicated to his consciousness that he was to be her guide out of the darkness to the world of which she had a momentary vision. The messenger of the Great Father had, from that instant, been transformed to her mind as a spiritual guide whose power should break the galling bonds of the evil Shamans which she had perceived so firmly fastened upon her people.

The girl was not alone, but sitting by her side was her mother, whose features were in marked contrast to those of Hut-tah, who had so successfully opposed Redford in the assembly. She, too, had been deeply moved by his intense appeal, and had two or three times made a movement forward to speak, from which she had been dissuaded by a stalwart Navajo mounted on the horse that had won at the race in the afternoon.

Redford was yet to learn on the morrow that she was Hut-tah's cousin, but that her own name, Hedipa, was known as "the woman who brings comfort." Her eyes were compassionate, her lips joyous, and all the lines of her thoroughly Navajo face were softened.

The Navajo had taken a seat beside Redford, who, as he turned to ask Hot-si by a sign when the dance would begin, saw a smile of recognition upon his lips and his eyes directed to the maiden, who, with a clear and steady gaze, returned her lover's greeting.

At this moment a loud beat of the tom-tom and a shrill cry from the lodge turned the eyes of all to a procession of dancers emerging singly from the entrance and slowly approaching, in silence, the central space between the fires. There was a hush of fear and expectation in the spectators as they took their positions. There were twelve stalwart men standing in parallel rows, six feet apart, with faces turned outward. They bowed low to the multitude; then, reversing their positions, they did the same to those opposite. Their bodies, nearly naked, were painted in different colors, with symbolic figures of white, red and black on a lighter surface spread upon their chests and backs. Their faces were covered with masks of a pallid hue and streaked with yellow; their hair tied in knots or streaming beneath their tall masks. Above all were wreaths of green leaves and twigs, and from the heads of the dancers projected goats' horns. Strings of rattling orna-

ments hung from their waists or were carried in their hands, and moccasins in white, yellow and brown covered their feet.

Crouching their bodies and uttering low whoops, they at first began a slow dance, the movements of which became swifter as they circled in and out of the three camp fires inclosed by them, varying their postures with each round.

The sick woman soon came out of the hogan, and, walking up and down the rows of dancers, scattered sacred hiddotin[1] upon them, which they acknowledged with a low bow, and as she cast it into the air and over herself they broke out into loud cries. The tom-toms were vigorously keeping time for these movements; yet the Navajos gazed with impassive countenances. The patient fixed her eyes upon the ground as the dancers, passing her, waved their hands and arms up and down over her head with cries of pain or of supplication to the spirits of the air and of the fires. Then they stretched their arms out as if the sick woman's prayers were granted. In fifteen minutes the first incantation ceased, and the spectral Shamans, bowing, returned slowly to their lodge. After an interval of ten minutes they came back, and, with the same preliminary movements but arranged in different groups, they went through similar figures of the dance. Each time the communication between them and the mind of the patient was established by the scattering of the hiddotin, through which also the

[1] Made from the fine pollen of the flag.

Shamans' power of exorcism was made effective over the evil spirit who had caused her disease.

An hour had passed, and Redford motioned to Hot-si that he would go to the sides of the bluff to survey the weird scene below. As they retired from the fires they were curiously watched by the people, but once out of the crowd, which they found almost impassable, Redford went up the slope of the bluffs and sat down among many women and children where, for the next two hours, were photographed on his mind sights which stirred his deepest sympathies.

He saw the indescribable devil worship that for centuries had held these savage peoples in bondage to evil, and groaning now in these rites for redemption from their fears and from bodily ills. He noted the glimmerings of faith in an unseen world, whose powers wrought for mercy and help to the suffering and sorrowful of earth. Here was natural reason subverted to the sway of the imagination, and a higher nature feebly asserting itself against the bondage of their senses. On one side were craft, covetousness, deceit and ambition ruling over inferior minds; on the other side was blind devotion or unwilling submission to their hated sway.

Redford had seen enough. He knew what to expect in these midnight orgies when these devil dances were ended. The unusual fatigues of the day could no longer be resisted. His Navajo companion was being kept from his sweetheart while so faithfully serving him, and he therefore bade

him meet him in the morning at the trading post. Then he returned alone to the store, where a pile of blankets had been laid upon the counter by Greenfield, the trader, who had anxiously awaited his coming out of this crowd of savages, into which he would not himself venture.

The door was securely fastened, but these two white men listened to hideous cries and the beats of tom-toms, increasing each hour in intensity around them, with a dread which only weariness could dull as they sank into sleep disturbed by the revels of two thousand Navajos and the tramp of horses when they scattered to their distant hogans.

CHAPTER VI

CHUNDA

When Redford looked out from the door of the trading post upon the Chin-a-li plain in the early morning he could see not more than a hundred Navajos remaining of the great company gathered there the previous night. The sunlight streamed brilliantly across the eastern bluffs upon the men scattered about in the preparations to depart. Some were girding saddles or blankets to their horses' backs, while others were mounting and riding away. The booths had disappeared, a few embers were smoldering where the camp fires had been; there were no shouts or loud cries as would have been heard among a disorderly company of white men; but the stillness of the neighboring cañon and of the distant mountains seemed to be gathering over the scenes of revel. Chin-a-li, which a few hours before was so full of animate color and form and the strange sounds of savage incantations, was almost deserted.

Ha-tsi-niniski was standing near the post store with a few men around him. Redford perceived among them Chos, the interpreter, to whom he nodded, and approaching the group accosted the chief:

"She-nantee (Chief), what have the people de-

cided as to their girls? Can I take any away to my school?"

"The women are opposed," Ha-tsi-niniski replied. "The women will not give up their girls."

"Are they unwilling that I should go to their hogans and persuade them?"

"It will not do good now, señor. They must think longer upon it."

"Do the men sustain their wives in this refusal?"

"The women control their girls as they please," said the chief.

"Are they all determined to resist the Great Father's request?"

"Some of the men approve of the school. You may get some of their boys."

"But is there not one girl to go back with me?"

"Señor," said the chief, cautiously, "there is a mother yonder who desires her child to go with you, but Hut-tah has threatened her with harm if she consents."

"And why does Hut-tah object so strongly?" urged Redford.

"Ah, señor, she will never yield the customs of her fathers. She rules the Navajo tribe according to her wish whenever she speaks to the people."

"She-nantee, you fill me with surprise," said Redford, "and yet I felt last evening that the spirits of your ancestors were about when she addressed me before the people."

Ha-tsi-niniski looked sharply into Redford's eyes at this reply, and then turned toward the Chelly

Cañon, where thin clouds of mist were rising from the stream and climbing up the sides of the cliff. For a few moments he seemed to be wrapped in meditation, or perhaps in prayer. Then he came nearer to Redford and laid his hand upon his shoulder. He motioned to Chos to separate himself from the two or three Navajos who were intently listening to the colloquy between their chief and the teacher, and, taking the interpreter by the hand, he said in a low tone in the Navajo tongue to Redford:

"Hut-tah is much to be feared, for the Navajos know her sorrow and her wrongs. Her husband was murdered by a white man, and her young babe was hurled from the cliff into yonder cañon by his murderer. She fled with another child, just able to walk, to a cave in those rocks which the white soldiers could not reach, and when she returned to her people she took a solemn oath to the Navajo god that she would hold her people firm to their faith and never let them yield land or flock or children to your people's care or possession."

Redford's face flushed with emotion as the chief, in pathetic tones, told him this story of cruelty, which, in the subjugation of the Navajos in 1862 and 1863, had been repeated many times, while those who had refused to surrender had been hunted like wild beasts and shot by United States soldiers. The secret of her fearless opposition was revealed, and he admired, in his deepest heart, the woman who would resist him to the last moment of her life.

"I would like to see Hut-tah's cousin, the mother

of whom you have told me," said Redford. "What is her name?"

"Hedipa, and she waits for you with her daughter behind that sharp cliff in the cañon, if you will seek her."

Redford looked to a point half a mile away, near which curled upward a thin wreath of smoke, darker than the silvery vapors which were rapidly disappearing in the sun's rays. He bethought him of a face, gentler than the rest, that had been opposite to him as he sat the night before near the dancers in the light of the fires through which they moved in mysterious figures. He recalled at the same time the anxious looks of Hot-si as he sat by his side, and the furtive motion of his hands when his own attention was drawn to the dancers. Turning to Parker, his guide, who had been watching his conversation with the chief, Redford said quickly:

"Hire for me one of those Navajo ponies, Parker, for two hours; I wish to ride up the cañon. And get one for yourself, for you must show me the way into that gorge."

Redford now went into the post store and breakfasted with the trader, and as he came out of the tent where the meal had been taken Parker rode up with the horses and Redford mounted, determined to follow up the slightest trail that would bring him to a pupil.

Ha-tsi-niniski was just starting away, and, riding up to his guest, he reined in his pony and said:

"Señor, tell the Great Father many thanks, and

say to him that the Navajo people will think and speak of his message in their hogans. In the winter they will hold a council, and at the next harvest dance, in another autumn, they will give him an answer through you, if you will come again to us."

Then, taking the teacher by the hand he embraced him, saying in a low tone, "Adios, señor, usted está nuestro amigo. Buenos dias!"

Redford returned his earnest farewell and rode sadly and slowly across the wide entrance to the cañon.

It was a calm, bright September morning; not a cloud was in the sky, not a ripple in the air. His purpose was stronger for the interview that had just passed, but his heart was heavy at the delay. "One year! How much might have been wrought in that time," he sighed, "if these Navajos had known what was for their peace!"

Parker was leading the way to the brink of the Chelly River, which was wide and shallow, though under its rippling current full of quicksands. Selecting a place to ford, the guide cautiously urged his horse into the stream. The bottom yielded to the tread of the animals as they neared the other side. With a few leaps to the right they cleared the dangerous spot, and, galloping a hundred yards further along the bank, they turned the point of the cliff. Looking up, the riders saw the smoke of a fire a third of a mile above the turn. As they approached Redford perceived three persons around the fire, and recognized, from the chief's description, Hedipa

and her daughter, and on the other side of the fire the Navajo hunter.

Hot-si came forward to greet his friend and led him to the woman, who received him with a smile, though Redford perceived beneath it a troubled look.

Parker's acquaintance with the Navajo language now served Redford in the conversation which Hedipa, with a quiet dignity, began. She was ready to place her child in Redford's care if she could see the women who would teach and train her to be like the daughters of the white man; but she had been bitterly chided by Hut-tah, who had left her the evening before with an ominous gesture, should she yield to her better wishes for the child's welfare.

It was an eventful hour that he spent by that fire under the cliff. In it he learned much of the mother's heart. She held her child with no common love, but with a forecast of her future which a divine intuition rather than a selfish ambition had given her. Chunda,[1] her daughter, was a young maiden of fourteen years. She had rare beauty for a Navajo girl. Her features were sprightly and her eyes intelligent, her face mobile, her brow wide and clear from every trace of cunning and of care. Her figure was slender, but vigorous in motion, and there was a sparkle of hope mingled with a generous resolve lighting her countenance. As she caught Hot-si's eager search into her thoughts, when her mother turned to ask her if she were perfectly willing to leave them

[1]Pronounced *Choon*-da.

for so long, her eyes fell and her breath came quickly as she put her hand into her mother's and moved nearer to her side, tenderly addressing her.

"She-ma," she said softly, "if Hot-si consents to wait for me so many months, I will go for his sake to show him how the white men become so wise. He then shall lead his people."

"But," said her mother, "Hot-si says he will go, too, to another school in the white man's land, and will learn for himself to be worthy of you and of our nation. He must know how to save his people from the destruction that will sweep them away before the multitudes that will come upon us. Can you bear the parting that is so hard for me? She-nal-le! She-nal-le!"

The daughter, thus addressed, threw herself upon her mother's bosom in the agony of a child's foreboding; then lifting her tearful eyes toward her face, and reading the expression of an heroic purpose to save her from the brutal scenes she had just witnessed, she smiled through her tears, and with a glance of trusting love toward her betrothed answered:

"I will go, and we will both return to comfort you, She-ma!"

Redford was too thoughtful of a mother's anxiety to withhold sympathy with a woman's protecting care of her loved child. He promised that one of his daughters whom he had left at Fort Defiance should be with him when he took the child away. Then, telling Hedipa to meet him in three days with

Hot-si and Chunda at the Haystacks, three pyramids of rock rising fifty or sixty feet above the plain, on the trail from Fort Defiance to Manuelito Station, he mounted his horse and rode slowly back to the trading post in anxious conversation with his guide.

The spell of the Shamans was broken. The barriers of superstition had been pierced. A ray of light was shining in upon this land of darkness, and a few souls were struggling toward it. But what a conflict was begun with the powers that had so long held sway over that nation!

CHAPTER VII

TSWANE

THE long shadows of the western cliffs were falling upon the trail which led to a rincon in the Chelly Cañon about ten miles from the Chin-a-li trading post. There were signs of a gathering of Navajo people for some important event, for riders were to be seen far down the gorge coming gayly dressed from the distant plains and from the eastern branches of the Chelly, which here came into the main cañon. The walls rise into peaks which pierce the sky, but are smooth and perpendicular on their sides, as if the regular strata of which they are made were laid up with a plumb line. These strata are from ten to twenty-five feet thick and distinctly marked by perfectly parallel lines of color to the bottom of the cañon. Where they have been curved and twisted great caves have been formed from two to three hundred feet above the base, in which are the ruins built of irregular masonry that were the dwellings of the ancient cliff dwellers.

As the shadows deepen into twilight many more horsemen are to be seen hastening to the rincon, and now the gloom of the short, deep gorge is relieved by several fires around which the company of Navajos are standing, or sitting on their horses, and with amused faces and gay laughter anticipat-

ing the marriage dance to which they have been summoned.

Two or three hogans are brought into view by the flames of dry piñon and cedar, that give a strong but uncertain light and cause the walls and crags to appear to rise to an immense height above the noisy and gleeful company. There is a sound of the tom-tom in one of the hogans, and the people who have been moving about gather around a space between the fires and wait the appearance of the dancers. These are the young men who aspire to the hand of the maiden who will tonight choose her husband from those who shall have pleased her most by their dancing.

The players on the tom-tom come out of the hogan and take a position at one end of the dancing ground. Their voices begin in a low tone to chant in unison with the drum beats. As the chant becomes louder a dozen sprightly youths with bows and spears in their hands, with feathers on their heads and a great profusion of bright-colored paints on their faces and arms, leap into the center of the space reserved for them. Forming in lines, they begin a swaying motion with their bodies and arms; they lift their feet in alternation from right to left, then crouch with bended knees and move forward at the tom-tom beats. The chants rise more shrill and strong upon the air. The dancers turn in and about and around the fires, uttering whoops and sounds of joy, or extending their arms in entreaty. The time is quickened and the motions become more

violent. In a booth in view of the dancing ground is the maiden in rich attire of painted buckskins, a bright blanket on her shoulders and partially covering the deep blue skirt interwoven with borders of red and green and yellow. Her neck and arms are covered with beads and silver ornaments. As her suitors circle in front of the booth they bow and beckon to the maiden to come and join them. She rises to her feet, but at first refuses. After several unsuccessful attempts to allure her into the dance, each aspirant for her hand having performed a great variety of figures and motions, one gains favor, and she moves into the company, who respectfully form around her a circle of dancers, while she begins to join in the movement alone in the center of the group.

Then she retires to the booth. The dancers repeat with greater energy and variety their movements of limbs and bodies with every contortion possible, and with chants or songs. Again the maiden condescends to join the company of her admirers. As she dances, still alone, she keeps her eye on some favorite to encourage him in his efforts, but retires without a choice.

The singers have rested their voices, but not their fingers, which beat continuously their drums. The dancers have not ceased their motions of feet or hands for three hours, though they have greatly varied them from quicker pace to slower, and then anew given themselves to the most intense demonstrations of their hope to win the maiden.

It is partly a matter of endurance as well as of skill and variety in which the contest lies. For two hours and a half they have pleaded with incessant gesture of their bodies, brandishing their bows and spears to increase the effect of their motions. At last the maiden joins the dancers to make her choice. Each suitor has pleaded for the last time, by his grace of form and movement, for her favor and hand. The happy moment arrives for one who has won her heart, perhaps, before the dance, but unknown to him, or has caught her favor by his pleas of gifts as well as by strength, endurance and personal attractions combined. She enters the circle hand in hand with him, passes through all the figures of the dance, and retires with her chosen husband amid the loud chants and demonstrations of the company.

A few preliminaries are arranged. The young man has promised to bring five or six ponies to the uncle or brother of the maiden, and claim her for his bride. The chief or a principal man of the tribe gives his consent and ratification of the compact, and the marriage dance is ended.

Redford had been a spectator of this scene, for the invitation had reached him that morning at the post from Hut-tah herself, whose daughter, rescued years before in this very cañon from the fury of white men, was thus given in marriage according to the customs of the tribe to one of the boldest and most stalwart warriors.

Herrera, the son of Ganado Mucho, the chief of

the Navajos west of the mountains, had won the hand of the maiden Tswane. Hut-tah had been faithful to her vow, and with a smile of triumph she came up to Redford and said:

"Teacher, tell the Great Father at Washington that the Navajo maidens are yet content to tend their flocks and keep the hogans for their husbands. They will follow in the ways of their fathers and keep the happy traditions of those to whom the Navajo god gave this land."

As she said this she turned to Chos, whom she had brought with her to Redford's side, and beckoned to him to repeat the words to him. Redford had already perceived her meaning, and was reflecting upon a suitable reply to this woman of strong will and persistent hostility to his mission to these neglected Apaches.

"I do not wonder that you are pleased tonight to have your daughter faithful to your training and to her religion. You will keep her near you. Do you wish her life to be wholly like your own?"

There was a quick remembrance of her wrongs, of her fugitive life when she escaped the cruelty of soldiers by hiding in caves and eating only wild fruits, piñon nuts and roots stealthily gathered, wandering from one deserted hogan to another with her little child only to find the hunted, miserable remnants of her tribe in the same unhappy condition as herself. Her cheeks flushed with shame, then grew pale with anger, as she turned her flashing black eyes upon Redford.

"Can I forget," she said, "what miseries your people have laid on me and my kindred? I waited here till you sent them back from Bosque Redondo, with promises of tools and plows which you had taught them to use, of cattle and horses, of blankets and clothes, of seed corn and wheat and even of schools and teachers for all our children. Where are these? Where are the cabins they were to build? Where are the cattle and horses and sheep? You have told us to raise these in our own way, and we have many sheep. We have made our blankets as our fathers taught us, and you praise them and buy them of us. We have cultivated these valleys with sticks and have plenty of corn and beans and melons. We have the peaches from the orchards that our fathers planted in this cañon, and we have the horses we need, and live in our hogans in peace. What more do we want? Let us alone, and do not teach our girls to pity and despise their mothers, nor our boys to forget the deeds and traditions of their fathers in learning the wisdom and the ways of the white man."

Redford perceived Hut-tah's restraint of bitter words and angry taunts. She had seen his sincere desire for the welfare of the Navajos, and would have extended her hand to him had she not hated his countrymen and feared their power.

"Hut-tah," he replied, "the white man is never content with the life his fathers have lived, nor the things they have learned, nor the lands they have cultivated. He ever seeks better things for his chil-

dren than he has had himself; he takes from the Indian every year more and more of his lands, because he believes that the red man is unworthy of the land that the wise and skillful and the industrious can use and make better. Your children would be happy to live like him and by his side. Your sons, if educated, would find pride in what they could do to change and improve these wild lands and make these valleys like the rich home lands of the white man. Your daughters would be respected, admired and loved for the bright and happy homes they would keep and their knowledge of all things beautiful to say and do; to sew and to sing; to make comely garments; to adorn their houses and tables, and prepare healthful and tasteful food; to be as beautiful as the flowers and as wise as their husbands and to keep their love; to learn of the white man's religion and to love the story of the Saviour of men who came from God to make us all like his children in the spirit land. This is what we would like to do for the Navajo sons and daughters, if you will let them learn our ways."

The words of Redford, slowly interpreted to this poor woman into whose soul had entered the red-hot iron of the white man's cruelty, first roused her resentment. Then an unspeakable sadness settled upon her face. Her vow could not be broken, and she gathered all the passion of her nature into this last reply:

"The teacher's words are as the flight of an arrow straight from the bow, but his people always deceive

and betray us. They never keep their promises. Why, then, should he? No, señor, take from us, if you will, these streams and plains and mountains; drive us on toward the lands where there is no water and no grass; but you cannot, you shall not take our children and leave us desolate like the leafless trees, charred and bleached, through which the fires have burned and the winds have swept."

Hut-tah turned away as the last words fell from the interpreter's lips. As she slowly moved through the flickering firelight toward her hogan two women who had been standing in the shadows near Redford, and intently listening to these impassioned pleadings, quietly followed her and disappeared into a neighboring hogan. By the dim light Redford recognized Hedipa and Chunda, whose hearts had been moved again by the words of Redford, which he had gently poured into their willing ears the day before as he sat by their camp fire.

Calling to Parker to bring the horses, Redford rode out of the rincon into the mighty cañon, whose cliffs and massive sides rose in gigantic height against a moonless sky. The gloom oppressed him. His soul groped for light on his path. He had thrown himself into the midst of the Navajo people and pleaded for their children with scarcely a movement among them in his favor. To return unsuccessful from such an adventure was unlike his recent experiences among the other Apaches. His hopes had been clouded, his faith smitten with a staggering blow. There seemed to be an impassable bar-

rier to his progress in the dense ignorance and strong prejudices of this tribe, and the all-powerful control of the leaders among their medicine men and their women.

The walls of the cañon seemed to close above Redford and then suddenly to part as if riven by a lightning flash. The wrench to his strong purpose had loosened and he cried aloud, "There is honey in the carcase of this lion." He had remembered the ancient riddle.

CHAPTER VIII

HEDIPA

THE echo of horses' hoofs striking against the rocky trail which winds through the Chelly Cañon was heard far beyond midnight, as the Navajo dancers and the gay-hearted and boisterous spectators rode away from the rincon. Their laughter, mingled with savage whoops made more and more indistinct by the projecting cliffs and turns of the main cañon, gave the impression of ghostly revelers in the lofty caves and airy castles whose turrets rose against the night sky above the steep walls of this mighty gorge. At last it was still in the vicinity of the rincon, where the inmates of three or four hogans had been talking over the merits of the competitors in the dance for the beautiful maiden, Tswane.

The hogan occupied by Hedipa and Chunda was nearer the mouth of the rincon, a hundred rods from that of her cousin. In Hedipa's humble dwelling there was no thought of rest. She had been preparing for a long ride, and had gathered in a deerskin bag the simple food which would sustain herself and companions till her return. This was chiefly gray flaky cakes of corn bread, which is the staple food on the trail. Like crackers or the hard-tack used by soldiers and seamen, it does not change by

HEDIPA

age or conditions of climate. A roll of dried peaches and strips of dried mutton and venison completed the supply of food.

Near the hogan three horses were tethered by lariats of horsehair, and rolls of blankets and skins were fastened to the Apache saddles and girths over their backs.

It was long past midnight. The clouds were hanging darkly over the cañon, but rifts in them indicated the passage of the moon near the zenith. As the clouds thickened Hedipa came out of the hogan and looked anxiously up the rincon. All was quiet in the hogans above her, and her low hoot was answered by Hot-si, who approached from the shadow of the cliffs and untethered the horses.

As the ponies stopped in the rear of the hogan Hedipa and Chunda came out and silently mounted. The food sack was fastened by thongs to the saddle of Hedipa's pony, and Chunda sat upon the blankets which were girded upon her horse. At this moment a sudden gust of wind swept up the cañon, and a low rumble of thunder was heard above its walls. A storm cloud floated high over this narrow cleft of the mountain mesa. It was a favorable time to escape unobserved from the rincon, and the ponies were guided hastily along the edges of the sandy bed of an arroyo leading through the rincon to avoid the click of their hoofs upon the stones. As they turned up the main cañon they struck into a well-worn trail. Then, for the first time, Hedipa spoke in an audible voice:

"Hot-si, have you told Aha-la-ni to meet us at the Casa Blanca?"

"Yes, I have seen Aha-la-ni and her cousin already pass the rincon riding toward it."

"Were there men with them?"

"Two men and three girls."

"Did you speak to them?"

"No, they were riding fast in the shadow of the wall."

"Chunda," said the mother cheerfully, "you will not be alone."

"Ah, She-ma, but I must leave you so long!"

"She-nal-le, even that is better than to stay with these Klee-char-ee." She hissed the word that called the men of her own tribe *dogs*.

The scenes of past years had been vividly recalled, with their memories of shame and womanly wrath, by the marriage dance that night. Hedipa loved her daughter too well to fasten her to such a life as she had herself endured and witnessed around her in the years of her widowhood.

They rode in silence again, Hot-si, two or three rods ahead, carrying his trusty Winchester in front of him.

"She-ma, shall I find mothers like you among the white women?" timidly asked Chunda, as they halted for a few moments while Hot-si tried the ford of the Chelly. The trail often ran across the stream, for, in its many windings, the current was forced close against the straight walls of the cañon, where there was no room for the passage of horses.

"The white mothers are kind and good, Chunda. We may trust the teacher's words more than the words of the Shamans. The white women will teach you like their own children. Why should they seek out the daughters of the Navajos so far away, when they have so many of their own to nurture and train for their homes? Their religion teaches them to love the poor and the homeless, and to make them know the way of a better life. I heard the teacher yesterday, as he was sitting under the cliff alone waiting for the dance, singing to his God. I was behind the rock with Aha-la-ni and Chos talking about Tswane. I asked Chos to listen and tell me what he said while he sung or prayed, I could not tell which. Chos listened a while and looked very sad. Then he said to me, 'I used to hear the white people sing that hymn in the school by the great sea, and it seems to me like one of the echoes in this rincon.' Then he told me in Navajo what the words were. I remember these only:

'Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.'

Chos said he used to sing it in Navajo when he went down by the shore of the great water all alone."

"She-ma, She-ma," said Chunda, with tearful eyes, "I will learn to be like the white women, and come back and show my people what they pray and how they live!"

"Yes! Chunda, learn it for me. Come back to tell me of something better than I have yet known—

something to make my heart lighter and to give me hope!"

Hedipa dared not say more lest she should betray to the daughter her agony of dread and foreboding that she should not see her loved child again when she should be taken far over the plains behind those mountain ranges which they would see when they had left the cañon.

They had reached a wide basin in the gorge. As they again crossed the stream they ascended a beach of gravel and sand that rose eight or ten feet from the bottom of the cañon.

On this elevated shelf of land, once an island when the waters filled the rock-girt bay, was a hogan partly surrounded by a few peach trees. In the light of a fire burning before the entrance human forms were flitting in unusual haste at this hour of the night. Hot-si had ridden forward, while Hedipa and Chunda halted on the edge of the level ground. He returned in a cheerful mood, bringing word that another girl was to join the company with her mother. Moved by Redford's pleading at Chin-a-li, she had been easily persuaded by Aha-la-ni and her little band, that had passed up the cañon two hours earlier, to make the sacrifice possible only to a mother in separating herself from a loved child that she might have a higher womanhood. In the mother love lies the possibility of redeeming the most lowly and ignorant.

Hedipa now rode quickly forward to the hogan, and with hand outstretched to the mother and child

begged them to come quickly, for Casa Blanca was still a mile away. They both mounted a stout pony, and by half an hour's ride over a trail now smooth and easy for the horses Hedipa and her companions joined the others waiting among the ruins of an ancient village under the cliff of Casa Blanca.

The white walls of this old castle could be seen sixty feet above them, but it is now an almost inaccessible dwelling of the past. Those who have climbed to it by ladders and ropes have found its masonry unbroken, its rooms preserved with their cedar vegas still supporting the roof which sheltered the cliff dwellers centuries ago.

There were a few hurried greetings, and then the three men rode forward, followed by the women and girls as fast as their sure-footed ponies could carry them up the cañon. The clouds were still threatening, and they had twelve miles to ride before they could reach the head of the cañon and ascend to the wooded table-land over which they were to travel sixty miles farther to the agency at Fort Defiance.

These women had kept from the knowledge of those who were so bitterly opposed, their desire to send their daughters to the school, but had timidly confided to Hedipa their purpose when they learned of her interview and appointment with Redford. They had found their girls strangely willing to be separated so long from their people. A divine impulse was moving these simple-hearted children, of that other fold among the nations, to rescue

them from the bondage of nature worship and the powers of darkness and bring them into the light of the world's Redeemer. Through the touch of the Great Spirit these women had been unconsciously endued with an heroic spirit. But their hearts sometimes took counsel of their fears as they silently rode through the gloom of the cañon. The locality was almost sacred to their traditions. The spirits of their ancestors might not be willing to have them break away the ties that held them to their tribal customs and faith. There were ominous sounds around them. The roll of distant thunder came nearer, and the little strip of sky above them lightened up with flashes near the horizon but hidden from them by the dark cliffs. The company quickened their pace as they entered another great basin near the head of the cañon. It was the most wonderful part of the gorge, two miles long and half a mile wide. The walls rose to a majestic height capped with thirty or forty distinct peaks and pinnacles of varied shapes. Towers with turrets, palaces with battlements, cathedrals with steeples rise before the traveler as he now looks upon them from that trail. But to these Navajo men and women in the twilight of this stormy morning only the boldest peaks stood out against the angry sky. The drops of rain began to fall from the heavy clouds rolling swiftly over them. The glare of the lightning became almost blinding. The thunderclaps reverberating in the gorge behind them seemed to have opened the flood barriers of the sky as the

Navajos rode into a cave, a curiosity wrought by the elements in the isolated cliff, rising at the intersection of the main cañon with a shorter one through which runs the trail leading out to the uplands.

This was their chosen hiding place for the day till they could be sure they were not followed by their angry relatives. It was with a feeling of relief that they rode into the recesses of the cavern from the fury of the storm. The women soon lighted a fire with piñon wood taken from the clefts, where it had been stored for such emergencies. Their blankets were laid out on the rocky floor, and while Hot-si and one of the men watched near the entrance of the cave against surprise by hostile pursuers the rest sought to sleep away their fatigue in the early morning hours.

The sun was shining brightly ere the forenoon was ended. The women had finished their meal of maize flakes and peach sauce cooked in an earthen pot, drawn from one of the crevices of the cave, with water taken from the turbid stream rippling by their place of refuge. As no effort had been made to follow them, they concluded that their absence was noticed only as a visit up the cañon or for the inspection of their flocks of sheep feeding on the mesa.

But the sense of fear which impels one forward in escaping from an unseen foe now yielded to depression in the women. They went out of the cavern one by one lest the others should perceive their sorrow. They crossed the stream and looked back upon the sheltering cliff. Its strange shape attracted

their attention as never before. Looking down to the main gorge, they saw the pillar of El Capitán as it rises three hundred feet into the sky, like some mighty god of their tribe guarding the abode of the spirits of their people. It looked down upon the cliffs in which was their sheltering cave. These seem to rise like the gigantic figure of a mother; her shoulders and bosom bared to the sky, to which her face was turned in agony, while her outstretched arms enfolded in despairing embrace on each side figures of lovely maiden daughters fallen in agonized shapes of death upon the mother's lap and at her feet. This carving by mighty floods, and the winds and frosts of ages unknown, seemed to express their own fears, and helpless wailing and laments broke out from one and then another. Hedipa alone was calm, and her voice hushed them.

"Women," she said, "you are yielding to the tempting spirit of evil. The Navajo god does not thus teach us by senseless rocks the future of our children. No, my sisters, the courage of a good purpose must not thus fall before the dread of our woman hearts and our thoughts of loneliness and sorrow. By our hopeful faces and cheerful words let us make the hearts of our daughters strong. The rain god and the sun god have both spoken to us that our children shall return to us as they have returned to bless the land. Let us dry our tears and hide our foolish grief. Come! we must ride today to the cliff of the eagle, on yonder mesa, before the sun has set."

CHAPTER IX

THE ANCIENT NAVAJO

REDFORD and Parker returned toward the trading post at Chin-a-li before the Navajos had dispersed from the rincon dance. Redford had measured the strength of the associations which bound them to the traditions of their ancestors. He was deeply impressed with the steadfastness of these children of nature, and was strengthened in an opinion, early formed, that if, by wise and patient training, they could be freed from these superstitions they might be as strong in the qualities of good American citizenship as they were now in their barbarism.

It was not easy to ride down the cañon in that dark and stormy night, for their horses were not familiar with the trail, and the presence in this tortuous gorge of so many strange Navajos from all parts of the reservation added to the peril of the lonely ride. But Redford pushed forward through the gloom with only occasional inquiries of his guide to break the silence of the way, so intently was he estimating the Navajo character which had unfolded to his study in the incidents of these few days in this majestic cañon.

The post trader had pitched a tent for his guests under the first high bluff at Chin-a-li, in a recess some distance from the trail. There Redford and

his guide spent the night undisturbed in a deep and refreshing sleep. Early the next morning Parker went for the road horses, which had been taken to pasture six miles away, and for two or three hours Redford had promised himself the luxury of an undisturbed review of the recent events which were leading up to his cherished purpose. The exhilarating air and a restful sleep had dispelled weariness, and he was in full accord with the wonderful aspects of nature around him, glorified by the light of the brilliant day that was casting every moment into deeper shadows and more vivid shapes the crevices and cliffs of the lofty walls of the cañon.

The scenes of savage life which had been passing here for three or four centuries began to move across his vision. He longed to gather up the stories of revelry, of strife and of romantic love that Time's pencil had recorded on those black crags and those massive strata whose faces were worn smooth by wind and rain, and ancient floods. As his fancy grew he wished for the presence of some spirit of the cañon to tell him the weird tales, or, at least, to give him some definite history of this people that now held this heritage of extinct tribes.

He was awakened from these reveries by the sight of a group of five or six horsemen riding toward his tent from the trading post. Two Navajos on a powerful horse attracted his close attention as they drew near. The others dismounted and with kindly salutations entered the tent.

Chos, one of the double riders, with his com-

THE ANCIENT NAVAJO

panion, an old and grizzled Navajo, remained on the horse that had borne them more slowly across the shingle and over the stony arroyo in front of the tent.

"Buenos dias, señor," said Chos, "I have brought the ancient Navajo to talk a while with the messenger from Washington."

Redford returned the salutation, and coming forward extended his hand to the old man, who had now dismounted. He was nearly blind, but his once stalwart frame was quite erect, and he grasped Redford's hand and courteously embraced him, then leisurely squatted on the ground within the tent. A pouch of tobacco was at once put into his hand, and the old man fumbled at his belt for his cigarette folders of dried husks. Redford handed him a match, and for a few moments the Navajo puffed in silence, while Chos engaged in a talk with Redford, describing the effect upon the Navajos of the address he had made a few days before at Chin-a-li. The old man, he said, had listened with eagerness to his appeal and desired to speak to him of his people.

"Herrera," said Chos, "has lived one hundred and ten years, and knows all the traditions of the Navajos."

"Ah," said Redford, "he is most welcome. In what part of the reservation does he live?"

"Herrera is the special care of the whole tribe," replied Chos. "The young men contend each year for the honor of caring for him, for he has seen

nearly all their fathers who have died, and does not tire of telling them the deeds of their warriors, which stir their hearts to courage. They think it pleases the spirits of their ancestors to treat him kindly and to give him food and shelter in their hogans."

"Herrera," said Redford, turning to the old Navajo as Chos interpreted his words, "I would gladly learn from you the story of your tribe. There are many white men who would like to know about the oldest people in this country, and the Great Father at Washington keeps many men in search of the histories of all these Indian tribes. How long have the Navajos been in this land?"

"Señor," answered the Ancient, "I am an old man. Three hundred years my people have been here. There used to be many more Navajos than now."

"From what country did they come to these plains?"

"From beyond those mountains," pointing to the north, "and from the sunrising."

"Were they great warriors?"

"They were many and strong. None could withstand the Dinnè who remained near here. But others went everywhere, far to the South, and roamed from the great waters in the West—Toolche-air and Kay-eel-chow—to the country beyond the great river Kayee (Rio Grande)."

"Did they ever live in the houses of mud and stone?"

"No, señor, they ever wandered from one country to another, and took the nahla (maize) which the house people grew upon their lands, and carried away their cotton cloth and blankets. Then they hunted deer and antelope and buffalo, and had much meat, for these were plenty among the mountains and on the mesas."

"Did the Navajos find here, when they came, the people that lived in these caves?"

"No, señor, the cave houses were as you see them when they came to this cañon. The people had gone. The traditions of my people say that they must have died by great winds and by famine when there was no rain to give them nahla, and no deer or antelope to kill in the woodlands."

"What was the name of the ancient Navajos?" Redford asked, with increasing interest.

The Ancient lifted his head higher, as he saw the purpose of this question:

"Our people in the far North were called Tenneh, and our name is like it now. We call ourselves Dinnè when we speak in our own tongue."

"Were the Apaches your kindred, too?"

"They were our brothers of the same great family. They broke away in bands, and hunted buffalo and antelope on the plains, and made war upon the Pueblos until the white men came. Their language is much the same after many years, and their name is changed to N'Day. Far out upon the eastern plains they were called Tindau."

"Were the Navajos great warriors?" asked Red-

ford, perceiving his jealousy of the fame of the Apache peoples in war.

"My people," said the Ancient, "were always first and in greater numbers than the Apaches. They never gave the Pueblos rest for a long time, but attacked their villages and seized their women and children to make of them wives and warriors in the tribe."

"Did they live only by these raids?" said Redford.

"As now, they brought water from the streams to make maize and melons and beans grow as you have seen at Chin-a-li."

"But did they not, also, produce cotton and have flocks of sheep and make their clothing by weaving?"

"They killed much game," said the Ancient, "and liked better to wear the skins of deer and buffalo, until the Pueblos taught them how to make blankets by weaving wool from the sheep they captured."

"But why did not your people conquer and destroy all the Pueblos, if you were so powerful?"

"Señor," said the Ancient, "they would never make war as one people, nor obey one chief long enough. They had many clans, and many chiefs, men who would not join together to destroy all the Pueblo tribes. There is no highest chief among us, and the young men may oppose and defy any chief. The Navajos wished to rob the Pueblos of their crops and their clothing. It was easier than to work in the fields or at weaving for themselves, until the

white men came from the South, and then long after from the East, and drove our people back to their own country and forced them to keep at peace with the Pueblos."

"Tell me of your religion, Herrera. Do your people worship one god or many gods?"

"Señor, the Navajos pray much to the Sun and to the Moon, because there is a being in the Sun and one in the Moon. The Shamans call them the Sun Father and the Moon Mother. They have two children, Masena and Oyo-ya-na, who make the rain to fall and whom we honor in our dances. And there are spirits of the clouds, Shi-na-na, who give us good seasons for our field crops and our flocks. And the Shamans teach us to pray to the great warriors, their fathers, whose spirits are in the bears and in the snakes, and in the trees and in the stones. We pray to some spirits because they are bad, and to drive them away from hurting us, and we worship spirits that are good because they can help us."

"But is there not some great God over all these?" again asked Redford, with a great longing to hear him confess to a belief in the Father of all, toward whom these people were reaching up in their faith.

"The Shamans have told us of the Navajo god who is a woman and controls our future lives. She has power over the Great Marsh beyond the lake in the underworld to which our spirits return. There the good Navajos must go to join their fathers and mothers. But she will not open the way to let a bad Navajo go back to his ancestors."

Redford had risen to his feet to hear this reply, but sat down again disappointed. He turned the thoughts of the Ancient back to the present condition of his people.

"Why do you not dwell in houses like the Pueblos, Herrera?"

"The customs of a people follow from what they do," said the Ancient. "There is no more hunting for deer and buffalo, and even the birds are few. The people have learned to raise sheep on these plains, and the men must have horses, and they pass from one pasturage to another with their flocks and herds, and in summer they seek the places by the streams for their corn planting, and so they live in wickiups or tepees. In winter they dwell in hogans upon the uplands, where the trees shelter and warm them."

"Why do the Navajos fear the Shamans so much, Herrera?" asked Redford, cautiously approaching a subject which might involve him in future peril.

"The Shaman is taught by the elders how to cure sickness and overcome the effects of evil spirits in all diseases. The youth who devotes himself to the life of a Shaman must learn from other Shamans for a year, and separate himself from his tribe, keeping long watches by night and day, without food, in the highest places of the mountains and cliffs. The spirits talk to him in dreams. They teach him the future of children and what names they shall give to mothers for their babes. The

Shaman learns how to heal different parts of the body, and the uses of leaves and roots and charms for medicine. Their songs and dances expel the spirits from bodies of the sick, and they prepare the warrior for battle, and the sick for their dying by hearing their confessions. So they protect the warriors from their enemies by their prayers and bring victory in battle."

"But do not the Navajos like the houses which the Great Father's men have taught them how to build?"

"Señor, according to the customs of the tribe, they must be destroyed when one dies in one of them. Why, then, is it good for the Navajo?"

Redford did not wish to discuss the customs of the tribe, and turned his thoughts away to other memories of his people.

"Herrera, have not the Navajos had many wars in this cañon?"

"Yes, señor, the Dinnè have fought here with the Americans many times. Ten years ago, they were conquered again and again. My people were hunted like deer over these plains and through these cañons. The warriors of the Great Father were too strong for the Navajos, who fled to these caves and hid in these rincons, but when the thunder of their great guns died away in these gorges there was no heart left in our people. The older men had been killed, the women and children and the flocks were captured and driven away; the peach orchards were cut down, and for those who were hidden among

these rocks there was little to eat but the roots and piñon nuts on these trees."

The ancient Navajo long and sadly looked upon the ground in silence.

"What did the soldiers do with their captives?" at last Redford ventured to ask.

"They took them over the mountains by a long and hard trail to Bosque. Many other captives were gathered there from the Apache tribes. But in the long journey our people died, sick with fevers and frozen with cold. Their bodies were dropped by the side of the trail. Mothers were parted from their children, and parents sank down exhausted to die, away from the home of their mothers and fathers among these mountains."

"Do you remember, Ancient," said Redford tenderly, "when the Navajos came back?"

"Ah, yes, señor, we had wagons and horses then to bring us. The way was short, for the people were glad. How happy we were to see these mountains and plains once more, and be near to the spirits of our fathers!"

The old Navajo was agitated already by the recital of his people's wrongs, and Redford would not prolong the interview.

As he rose to his feet Redford asked the Ancient if he could give him something useful in return for this valued conversation.

The old man replied that his sight was nearly gone and his teeth were worn out, so that he could not chew his food. He would like a knife that

would cut his food into small pieces. Redford quickly drew from his belt a sheath knife mounted with silver, and gave it to Herrera. The old man touched the keen blade with his fingers, and his face lighted up with pleasure.

"Gracias, señor. Muchas gracias," he said, and slipping it down in the leggin of his moccasin mounted the horse which Chos held firmly till he was seated; then, leaping to his saddle in front of the old man, they rode away with an "Adios" just as the guide drove up from the trading post with the buckboard packed for the return to Fort Defiance.

CHAPTER X

A RIDE TO FREEDOM

THE September sun was falling behind the high mesa which overhangs the site of Fort Defiance agency, in the Navajo reservation, as Redford and Parker descended into the gorge through which the Red Bonito rushes over a bottom rugged with bowlders and ledges. The narrow trail which runs along the sides of the cañon is cut out of the rock, and was so narrow for the buckboard that scarcely two inches from the wheels, in some places, the steep declivity descended to the roaring stream. A single uncertain step of the horses or an undue swaying of the buckboard would have hurled it with horses, passengers and freight to the cruel rocks below.

Redford hardly drew breath as they crossed these dangerous ridges, but, with an instinct of some good turn to his adventures awaiting him, he did not doubt that he would escape the peril. The long drive through mesa parks and over plains girt with brightly colored buttes, and mountain ranges brilliant in the transparent air and sheen of a dazzling sky, had invigorated his spirit and filled it with hope. As they drove over the bridges near the agency a lovely girl of twenty years on a chestnut pony rode up joyfully to greet his return. Her dark

brown eyes sparkled with delight and a pure-toned, cheery voice rung out its welcome:

"Oh, papa, how glad I am that you are safely here! And such wonderful luck! Why, papa, the women have been coming all day into the agency with their girls riding behind them and eager for the school. Fifteen little ones of all ages have been reported to the agent by their mothers. He showed me to every one of them, and I was so happy I could hardly keep my dignity, for they know that I am to be the teacher of their children, and when they had looked me over about a minute they came up to me and squeezed my hands, and then tossed a sprinkle of yellow powder on me. Ugh! I was a sight before they got through with me, but I laughed and smiled, and they were satisfied at this, which they thought a good sign. And this evening, papa, not half an hour ago, three squaws came in with a young chief and three larger girls from Eagle Cliff. They told Major Culvert, the agent, that your words at Chin-a-li and in the cañon had made them want to try the school for their daughters, but they had to come away in the night, because some of the Navajos were angry. One of these girls is the most beautiful creature I have seen on this reservation. Her black eyes glisten like coals with fun and mischief, her beauty carries your heart away, and her face looks so honest and intelligent that I am sure she will be a treasure for our school. Then she rides a pony with a grace that makes me hide my eyes with shame over my exploits with this awkward

jumpy nag on that agency plaza. Oh, papa, I am so happy for you! This trip is going to be a great fetch, after all!"

The lovely girl stopped fairly out of breath with her breezy talk, but rode up to the buckboard and bent down to kiss her father, whose words of greeting were as cheery as her own.

"Gertrude, you are the dearest girl in the world to bring me such good news. I am sure the good angels have fought for us with the evil spirits of this old reservation. God be praised! It looks like success at last with these Navajos! What have you been doing, Gertrude, while I have been gone?"

"Why, you see, papa, I knew that you needed the goodwill of Major Culvert, and we have his wife and himself our devoted friends already."

"How did my little girl ever do that?"

"Why, we transformed the agency schoolroom into a dressmaking establishment and the laundry room into a Turkish bath. And all the agency women employees have been sewing, and the hospital nurse and cook have begun the work of godliness with these girls by scrubbing them and fitting that boxful of clothes we brought here to them. Papa, they are the funniest lot of little Indian maids we have ever had come to us. They are as pretty as black-eyed Susans, every one, but they look like tiger lilies in a china vase, in those light calico aprons. But they are all eager for your coming, and to get away to the railroad. I have been talking to them with the aid of the school-teacher, who

interpreted for me. We brought them all together in the schoolroom when they were dressed, and then the mothers came in and stood around the sides of the room looking with smiles and tears on these girls transformed into young Americans. I told them of the railroad ride and the cars and the school in the far East to which they were going, and their little half-scared faces lighted up and their mouths turned and twisted in astonishment. Then I told them a funny story of our dog, Roy, teaching the Pueblo children their body lesson, and they just shouted when they saw their mothers laughing. Really, papa, if you had not come tonight I should have had to start myself with them tomorrow, so impatient they are to go."

And so the enthusiastic girl ran on with her story, trotting her pony beside the buckboard, while Redford's heart was too deeply moved to ask a question, lest she should stop the strangely stirring description of the influences which, unconsciously to him, had been answering his prayers in the hearts of these superstitious Indians.

It was now dark when Redford reached the agency, and he hastened to seek an interview with Major Culvert. The immediate departure of the children was necessary, before there should be any hesitation or reaction from the influence of the conservative part of the tribe, who would soon hear of this astonishing movement among the women to give their girls into the hands of the missionary teacher.

Orders were given that evening for an early start the next morning. Two large covered wagons were prepared with seats and straw for twenty-five persons, and provisions for two days were packed in a third wagon. Then the women were called together into the hospital, where the agent, accompanied by an interpreter and Redford and his daughter, met them.

A few hearty handshakes passed between the missionary and these squaws, and then he addressed them in different words from his speech at China-li. He commended their confidence in the purposes of the Washington government and in trusting himself, who was seeking only good things for their children. Then he minutely explained to them how their girls could be cared for, what they would wear, how they would sleep, and learn to provide their own food and make their own garments, and what they would study in books to make them wise enough to live as American children and become like American wives and mothers among their own people in this country to which they should return.

Redford especially promised his own care and that of faithful teachers like his daughter, whom they had already begun to know; so that, if their lives were preserved, in three years they should return to them. Meanwhile, he would each year bring them pictures of their children and describe their progress at school.

Major Culvert confirmed the statements of the missionary, and the mothers, whose faces had grown

grave and tearful under this talk, departed with lightened hearts to their neighboring cabins.

The sun's rays were first shooting across the plaza from the ridge on the east when the children, who had slept in care of the teachers, after an early breakfast, were packed into the wagons at the schoolroom door. Hurried partings were given to their parents, and in the silence that followed the word was given to start, while the people stood watching the departure from every door of the plaza.

Not a sound was heard from the wagons as they passed behind the agency buildings. The Indian mothers leaped upon their ponies and followed them, riding up from time to time to look into the wagons and say a cheery word in Navajo, and then, after a few miles were passed, dropping behind, one by one, to leave the wagon road and follow the trails to their scattered hogans on the reservation.

The drive to the railroad station at Manuelito was ended by noon, and the happy girls, pleased with the novelty of their situation and sustained by their numbers, were stowed away with their provisions in a Santa Fé railroad tourist car which was waiting for them at that station on a side track, so great had been Redford's faith that he would accomplish his mission to these Navajos. They found also five boys of sixteen to eighteen years waiting by the railroad for permission of the teacher to go to the Eastern school by the sea of which he had told them. Among these was Hot-si, whose earnest,

determined face would allow no refusal. Redford soon consented to take them to San Gabriel and from there to dispose of them after communication with the government; for this had been ordered by Major Culvert the night before, after learning the intention of the boys.

As the miles increased between the children and the life to which they could never return, a loneliness crept over them inexplicable to themselves. Gertrude's watchful eyes detected, during that two days' journey, the first signs of homesickness, and her lovely face soothed their rising grief and strangely fascinated their tender hearts. It was all a dream to the girls. A white-faced angel seemed ever to move among them, to provide their food, give them a gentle caress, or dispel their tears with a bright and happy song. The strains of her guitar were often heard amid the rumbling and rattling of the cars, to divert their thoughts and arouse wondering questions of the life which they were to enter among strangers.

CHAPTER XI

RETURNED AND RELEASED

It is early in May. Three years ago the wagons laden with Navajo children were driven out of the plaza of Fort Defiance. Today they will return to their parents. The word of the missionary will not be broken. It is an event which awakens interest in remote parts of the reservation. A great council of the principal men has been called by the agent. All night the Navajos have been coming by diverse trails from Chin-a-li, from the Tunicha Mountains, from Ganado Mucho's band, and from the region of the San Juan. Major Culvert finds it a favorable opportunity to interest them in projects for the improvement of their condition. It will, perhaps, lead them to favor home education when the effects of school life abroad on the daughters of their tribe shall be manifested in the returned pupils.

Their departure has given rise to many discussions in the smoky hogans as in the light of piñon knots they have passed the long winter evenings, or as they have gathered for their spring and autumn dances and to the annual harvesting of the peach orchards.

The Shamans have always been active in these talks. They have, by their personal influence, formed a strong conservative party to oppose the

further education of their people; for their tribal customs, their religion, the honor of their ancestors, the preservation of their nation from the inroads of the white men, are all concerned with this movement to educate their youth. So they have aroused the dominant prejudices of the older men and of the youth, who see their own importance diminished and their prospective marriages delayed and hindered, if not made impossible, by the education of the girls.

But the women are now at the head of the radical party. They are property holders and decide as to the disposal of their daughters. They would like to change Navajo vagrancy to a home life that will foster domestic comforts and virtues well-nigh impossible in their present mode of living. Men who have faith in the wisdom of their wives or mothers are now disposed to uphold them. They are outspoken for a trial of something new. A spirit of discontent is spreading through the reservation. The nearer approach of cattle ranches and mining settlements excites alarm.

The men have noticed the change of rifles and cannon at Fort Wingate to a new and deadly pattern. The United States soldiers will be still more to be feared in a conflict. The utensils, tools and equipments brought to the agency for the annual distribution are more skillfully made. They feel the rapid improvement going on in the communities of white men, and they are shrewd enough to know that education of the hand as well as of the

head is its cause, for they know that the white man's better skilled workmen in silver and iron, in weaving and sewing, are quick-witted and long-trained.

So the questions of hogans or houses, wagons or saddles, bows and shotguns or Winchester rifles, cattle or sheep, wool clips or cotton balls, books or amulets, schools or dances, have been in frequent debate for several years, and they have been discussed with unusual animation in the council today, which occupied the forenoon.

The agency plaza is now a lively scene. Two hundred men and women are sitting on their restless horses or strolling about buildings. They seem to have taken unusual care with their gaudy clothing and trappings. Their cheeks and brows are covered with paints, and they wear their best blankets and buckskins. Few are armed, for the council and the visit to the agency is for peaceful measures, and to greet the daughters of their tribe.

The sun was past the meridian when the wagons, accompanied by thirty or forty Navajo horsemen, drove into the plaza. Redford, on a strong gray horse, rode by the side of the first wagon, and with him on a black pony was a young woman of twenty years. Her appearance at once attracted the Navajos. Tall, graceful in her bearing as she sat upon her horse, her dark eyes surveyed with quiet dignity the strange scene. Her cheeks burned by the sun to a bright color set off her rich brown skin, while dark auburn hair hung in long braids at her back. Unconscious of the evident surprise and admiration

of the Navajos as they entered the gateway of the plaza, the lovely girl turned to Redford and exclaimed:

"Three years ago Gertrude took into her charge these children whom we are now returning to their parents. How strange that I should come back with you to show these people the results of her faithful work and never-ceasing care!"

"Yes, Margaret, while you, my child, reap today, in the admiration of these people, what she has so diligently sown, you well may believe that she has wrought in their characters a greater work of art than ever painter's brush or sculptor's chisel could produce. But we have enough to do now."

He stopped his horse and dismounted, handing the bridle rein to a Navajo boy who stood near, as he went forward to greet Major Culvert. Then, turning to the Navajos riding toward him, he greeted them:

"Buenos dias, amigos! Buenos dias, señoras!" in clear, hearty tones.

"Buenos!" "Buenos!" "Buenos dias, señor!" "Bueno Hombre!" "How!" "How!" "Está Bueno!" "Amigo!" "Amigo!" cried a hundred voices, while the women smiled their welcome and turned their eyes again to the wagons.

"Your girls are all here, my friends," said Redford in Spanish; "all but two whom I told you last year had gone to the good Father above. Come, children," he continued in English, and at a wave of his hand, for which they had impatiently waited,

fifteen bright, hearty girls, in comely navy blue suits and white sailor hats, leaped to the ground.

For a moment the Navajo women looked with astonishment, not daring to break the spell of the wistful glances returned to them.

Then a mother darted forward and seized a tall girl of fifteen by the hand.

"She-nal-le!" she cried, looking eagerly into her face, and then, quietly putting her arm around her waist, led her away.

So one and another came forward, calling the girls by their Navajo names, and taking them to their embraces with silent tears or with their dark eyes flashing with pride and joy.

But the dread of this meeting had entered many of those young hearts before they began their journey. In some of them fear had dispelled the once-expected joy of recognition, fear lest their mothers should seem strange and hateful to them.

But one thought in all their school life had been faithfully impressed upon them. They were to go back as helpers as well as reformers, and in loving sympathy with their mothers show them the ways of a Christian household, and persuade their brothers and husbands, when they should marry, to learn the arts of the Americans.

"What shall we do," they had often asked, "when we go back to living in a hogan? If we can do nothing more, at least we will have it *clean.*"

"We will make as good bread as we do here."

"We will cook the meat as in this kitchen."

"We will dress our children as we now dress our dolls."

"We will make the blankets clean, if we have to wear them."

"We will have our faces and our bodies clean, if we do live in a hogan."

"We will teach our children, if we cannot show our mothers, how to live as we do now."

Such had been the expressions in many a girlish talk at school, and on the long journey back to the reservation.

Will the little leaven cast into this lump of savage custom and inherited tendencies ever leaven the whole mass? What has been accomplished in a few is possible for the whole tribe.

One of the scholars looked in vain for the loved face of her mother. We already know her better than the others—Chunda, the daughter of Hedipa, who three years ago had been the cheeriest and happiest of all the little company that left the agency. She had been the same sweet and enlivening character in the school, and dearer than all others to the teachers, who had watched with pride her rapid progress in every study.

Now, of all her mates, she is the most disappointed. Recognizing a woman from Chin-a-li, she asked for Hedipa.

"She waits for you in the Cañon de Chelly. She was too ill to ride to meet you."

Chunda hastened to her teacher and told him of her grief.

"We will start tomorrow with you for the cañon," said Redford. "I have heard that your mother is very ill, but we will hope to greet her once more."

By daylight, next morning, a wagon stood at the door of the agency office, well packed with provisions and provender for the horses. Another with two seats was waiting at the schoolroom door for the agent and Chunda and the matron of Fort Defiance School, with Nesito, a Navajo schoolboy, for interpreter. Two riding horses were led by a herder on his own pony. Redford and Margaret, already mounted, greatly refreshed by the night's sleep in the rarefied air that encircled Fort Defiance, held the bridles of their restless horses, giving the last directions.

The party started as the sun was climbing above the eastern ridge. The first day's ride of forty miles to Ganado Mucho ranch, through a grassy park of pines and scrub oaks, was one of rare beauty. They camped at noon for dinner amid flowers strange in shape and color; and the shadows of clouds above the tall pines, as they rode through the sunlit parks, seemed to promise the protection of the loving Father whose children they were seeking in this wilderness.

A night at Pueblo Colorado, where the hospitality of an American trader was freely extended, prepared them for another long and hot day's ride over an open plain. When they camped at night they were still twenty miles from Chin-a-li, and it was two o'clock of the third day of their journey

when they rested for dinner in the shadow of the rocks beneath which Redford had received, three years before, the visit of the ancient Navajo. There the wagons were left, and the party, now all mounted, pressed on up the Cañon de Chelly.

Near a hogan at the edge of the peach orchards they halted at sundown. Chunda hastened to dismount and ran eagerly toward the humble cabin. She entered it, and in the dim light saw a hand stretched forth from a pile of blankets. A low, hesitating voice greeted her in Navajo, and the mother's speech needed no interpreter for the daughter.

"Chunda, She-nal-le! You have come to me at last, as the teacher promised. Do you still love your Navajo mother as when she sent you so far away?"

"She-ma," softly answered Chunda, "you little know my joy to embrace you once more, mother dear. Yes, I am still your own She-nal-le. But, mother, you have changed. Your hand is hot; your voice is weak; your face is thin and pale. Oh, mother, are you so sick? Have you needed me so long when I have so hastened to return to you, counting the days and hours of this long, long journey?"

Hedipa pressed her child to her bosom.

"She-nal-le, my hours are few to stay with you. Have you been happy in the school?"

"Mother," replied Chunda, "I have learned every day what I thought would make you glad to know

and see, and I have longed to tell it to you. How many things I have treasured for you! and when you are stronger I will spend days in telling you all."

"Chunda, I shall never hear them from your lips. This pain I feel is fast taking me away."

"No! No! Mother dear, hear me. I cannot give you up, even to our heavenly Father, now that I have come back. Have you the faith you told me to learn? Have you learned to love our Saviour?"

Hedipa waited for strength to speak. At length she began with difficulty.

"Never have I forgotten the words the teacher sang. Chos told them me, in Navajo:

'Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.'

As I have waited these many months, for you to come back, not knowing whether you were sick or well, and my heart has been so empty, so hungry, so faint, I have heard the other words coming to me:

'Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find.'"

Hedipa's lips trembled; she could not go on.

"Mother," said Chunda, "you have, then, found him near you to comfort you?"

"Yes, child, more than I can say!"

"Then, mother, when you are gone I wish to go back and learn more for my people. I want to heal the sick." Chunda spoke with the deep tone of one whose whole being had found expression in the

words. "She-ma, tell me, if I may go to learn how to comfort and help our people here?"

"Would you be like the doctor at the agency?" she asked, with surprise.

"Yes, mother, but I will not leave you, not so long as you will stay. I am come to comfort you now—to nurse you, and pet you as you used to fondle me; to show you that I love and honor you, She-ma, for the love you had for me when you sent me away to learn the better things."

Hedipa drew her child's face to hers. Then she closed her eyes and rested.

As Redford and Margaret were waiting outside of the hogan with a young Navajo woman who had been watching with Hedipa, Margaret noticed standing beside Hedipa's couch a rude frame made of young oak trees. It was a rough loom, and in it, nearly completed, was a finely woven blanket. It was nearly all white, with faint lines of purple running at wide intervals through the texture. It was Hedipa's last work, and the looser threads showed where her fingers had failed to put them firmly in place after the fever had begun to waste her strength.

Redford entered the hut just as Hedipa turned away her face. He beckoned Chunda to come to him.

"Is your mother sleeping?"

"Yes, Mr. Redford, but her hands are growing cold. Can she be dying?"

The missionary stepped softly forward toward

the couch. Hedipa had partly turned her head in the effort to breathe more easily, but her lips were motionless. Redford took Chunda's hand and in the dusky light led her to Margaret.

"My daughter, you must care for this motherless girl as for your own sister. Take her now to yonder hogan with this young Navajo woman, and ask the older women to come here. But they are afraid of death. You and the matron must prepare Hedipa for the grave. Tomorrow she shall have a Christian burial."

An hour later Hedipa was lying peacefully on her couch in the dark hogan, shrouded in the white blanket which Margaret had cut from the loom and tenderly wrapped around her.

CHAPTER XII

IN THE HOUSE OF HEDIPA

Near the rincon of the peach orchards, but in the center of the Cañon de Chelly, rises a lofty cathedral-shaped cliff. Its pinnacle, standing two hundred feet in the air, is flanked with lower peaks that form the buttresses of a hollow arched space beneath, where once the waters made a pool far under the rock and gradually widened its boundaries into a roomy cave, the floor of which is the smooth ledge, and its corrugated walls and ceiling rise, in some places, to a height of thirty feet.

The red and pale yellow strata of the cliff give a mellow tone to the façade of this chapel thus carved by nature's hand. Under its projecting roof is found shelter from the hot vertical rays which descend at midday from a cloudless sky and from the rains that often pour furiously down into this chasm.

Redford, after Hedipa's death, had, in his sadness, sought this hollowed cliff and prepared it for a mortuary chapel for the first Christian convert in this cañon over whom could be said the impressive burial service of the church.

Far within this chamber of stone, on the farthest wall, is a low projection of the ledge whose grayish sides and top and the wall behind, of a dark pur-

plish color, made a sanctuary and an altar with vestments of mourning. The narrow chancel in front of it was paved with mosaics of mottled gray and red, finely wrought without hammer or chisel or human skill. The light streamed in from the west upon a broad aisle between blocks of red sandstone and stratified white clay.

At the end of the cliff projecting down the cañon is an island of sand covered with low scattered trees of scrub oak and cottonwood. Beneath one of these, in white sand and gravel, could be seen a grave made by Major Culvert's order; and over the heaped-up earth were strewn the leafy branches of oak, with which the sides and bottom of the grave were also lined in dark green.

From the hogan across the cañon the notes of a Christian song are heard, and soon a little group begins to move toward the chapel. Major Culvert, the two agency employees who were drivers of the wagons, and Nesito, the young Navajo interpreter, are the bearers, carrying a bier made of the trunks of two small oak trees interwoven with branches from the peach orchard. On this bier lies Hedipa wrapped in her white woolen shroud, with a cross of oak leaves resting on her bosom and a wreath of piñon twigs and red cactus flowers at her feet.

The group soon forms into a procession with Redford leading, while Margaret walks with Chunda beside her next to the bier. The matron and Hedipa's faithful nurse and friend, Tswane, are just behind them. A company of Navajo squaws follow

irregularly, having waited at a distance from the hogan until the procession began to move. These, as they approach the chapel, seat themselves on the side of the cañon with twenty or thirty men and children who are watching the strange scene.

As the bearers came within the shadow of the cathedral rock, Redford, in clear, strong tones, began the service of the church. The walls of the cañon caught up the words, "I am the resurrection and the life;" and as the last sentence was uttered within the chapel, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away," there came, as an echo from a recess high up in the ceiling, "Blessed be the name of the Lord!"

Then the minor tones of the chant were sung by Margaret and the matron, with the deeper bass voice of Major Culvert, and the Navajo onlookers drew near and crowded around the chapel entrance. It seemed to them one of their own dirges, but when the lesson with its revelation of Christian hope was read their attention relaxed, and only revived when the plaintive notes of a hymn filled the little chapel and floated out into the cañon.

A prayer was said, the bearers took up their burden, and the procession wended its way in the same order as before to the grave. Around this the excited Navajos were gathered. It seemed doubtful if they would permit the body to be lowered to its resting place undisturbed. But the presence of Major Culvert prevented any act of violence, and their murmurings were soothed by the words of

the committal, though they knew not its glorious meaning.

As the benediction was pronounced they pressed toward the grave to look down upon the body wrapped in its white mantle lying peacefully upon its bed of leaves. Some of the women turned away with tears, while the men waited to see the mound of earth rise over the last resting place of the woman whose kindly disposition had left an impression even on their rough natures.

Ever afterward the Navajos called the cathedral rock "The House of Hedipa."

With hearts moved by their strange surroundings, those who had rendered this Christian service returned to the hogan where Hedipa had died. But they found it in ruins. Beside it were a few blankets which had been woven by Hedipa and carried out of the hogan by her friends before the last days of her sickness, to escape the contamination of death. All else had been destroyed with her habitation, and these were Chunda's only inheritance. She stood for a few minutes looking sadly at the ruins, then gathered the blankets in two rolls which she gave to Nesito to fasten to her horse's saddle.

As Chunda turned away she saw the inmates of the hogan above her, in the peach orchards, looking down upon her. She walked up to them slowly but with firm tread, put out her hand to each, and softly thanked them for their care of her mother. Then, bidding them farewell, she returned to the company below, and coming up to Redford asked:

"My teacher and friend, will you take me back with you to school?"

"Never to return?" said Redford, in surprise.

"I will not return," said Chunda, "until I know how to heal these my people with the skill of a white man. Then will I build here, by this orchard, a house for them where the sick shall find shelter and care and comfort. It shall be a memorial to my mother."

CHAPTER XIII

A WOMAN'S RAGE

THE evening was near when the start was made down the cañon to their camp. Chunda's departure left the Navajos in doubt as to what they should do. They were grieved at her decision to return to the East, and without understanding her purpose many were angry.

In the midst of their discussion Hut-tah arrived, riding furiously down from the north of the Cañon de Muerto, a long branch of the main Cañon de Chelly. Her hogan was at this time fifty miles away, and she had been informed too late of the death of her kinswoman to be present at her burial.

The events of the afternoon were hastily described to her, and her displeasure was manifested by many violent exclamations.

But when Hut-tah asked for Chunda and learned of her return with the missionary she stamped her foot with rage. Her passion at first awed those around her. Then half a dozen men joined with Hut-tah in angry complaints of Chunda's faithlessness. Two or three squaws were brought into the exciting colloquy, and threats of capturing the white maiden and rescuing Chunda from the hands of the white people were freely made.

But they were hindered by the fact that Chunda

was in the care of Major Culvert, whose authority, as agent, was absolute, and they did not dare to defy it openly by using violence in getting possession of the girl while he should be a witness. The results of the recent council of the principal men of the tribe, they well knew, were favorable to the agent, to the missionary and to the efforts of the government at Washington to change and improve their condition by the gifts of tools and promised aid, if they would build reservoirs and cabins.

What should they do while yet the girl was within their reach? A few determined Navajos who had separated from the rest decided to follow Hut-tah's counsel, to ride suddenly upon the party ere they reached camp that night, snatch Chunda away, and hide her in the almost inaccessible cañon in the Tunicha Mountains where they held the secret councils of the tribe. If their attack was resisted, they were to capture also the missionary's daughter as a hostage.

Their rage was now turned to savage glee. Hurrying to a dark rincon, they began a war dance and covered their faces with black paint.

As they withdrew to the rincon Nesito, left behind as a spy by the agent, began to climb the walls of the cañon to pluck the red cactus flowers growing in the clefts. Slowly making his way along a ridge toward a projecting cliff where the cañon turned, he picked up part of an ancient loom which had been washed out of a crumbling wall that inclosed the remains of the cliff dwellers in a cave

far above him. Seated on a rock, he busied himself in rejoining the broken pieces till the shadows had grown deeper.

He could hardly see the opposite walls when he dropped from ledge to ledge to the bed of the stream and ran noiselessly down the cañon to where his pony was tethered and feeding in a patch of meadow.

It took but a few moments to adjust his bridle and tighten the girth around the saddle blanket. Then mounting quickly he at first rode slowly near the stream, where the sound of his horse's hoofs would be smothered in the sand. But half a mile away he lashed his pony to his swiftest gallop.

Major Culvert was riding in the rear of his party at a walking pace, for it was now very dark. They had come to a broad place in the cañon, in the midst of which two or three large cottonwoods were growing out of the sandy bottom. There they halted at the sound of a swift rider behind them.

Nesito beckoned to the agent as he stopped his pony, and in a few words unfolded to him the plot to capture Chunda that night. The agent, thoroughly angered at the daring scheme, prepared to resist the attack of the Navajos, aided only by a single Indian police soldier whom he had with him, and who, like himself, was well armed. But the next moment a better plan was presented to his mind. He dispatched one of the drivers, who was mounted, to Chin-a-li, and calling Redford to his side told him of the contemplated attack.

Margaret and Chunda received the startling information in silence, but while the men were planning for the emergency these girls were busily talking in low, earnest tones to Nesito.

"Yes," he said, "it is possible. I know the way. If you can keep your heads steady you can climb to the cave and be safe till Major Culvert returns with help."

"Father," said Margaret, riding up to him, "we will hide in one of the caves of the cliff which Nesito says is just below us, but high up in the sides of the cañon. He climbed to it yesterday and will guide us. Chunda and I will thus be safe in the darkness, while you all hurry on and delay the Navajos till we can be rescued."

Redford remonstrated at leaving them alone and unprotected.

"But it must be so, papa," said Margaret. "You cannot possibly climb the steep rock. I saw Nesito do it yesterday, and if you are left here you will surely expose our hiding place to the Navajos."

"But who will protect you should you be discovered?"

"We shall be safe," the brave girl replied. "You will need all your authority, with Major Culvert's, to hold the Navajos in check. But there is no time to lose. Major Culvert, is there anything better that we can do?"

"I don't know a wiser course than this, if you and Chunda have courage to remain and climb the cliff; you must act quickly. Dismount and give us the

bridles," he said kindly but firmly. "We must take these horses on with us as a blind to the cursed Navajos, for they will count every hoof print in the sand when they come near us. They will not heed your tracks if you walk in the stream there. You are already stepping into it as you dismount. Don't mind the water, girls, follow Nesito to the other side. There is the cave just opposite to us. We will wait till we hear your signal that you have reached the cave dwelling safely, and then ride on. It will not be more than an hour before we will return. Now, girls," he said cheerily, "keep good hearts till help arrives."

Thus, as he was helping the girls to dismount and as they were crossing the stream, Major Culvert mingled commands with encouragements to the maidens in their flight. Nesito was leading them, bearing a roll of blankets which he had detached from Chunda's saddle. He carefully trod in the sandy bottom of the stream, whose chilly water was not deep but might cover quicksands.

The girls reached the other side where the cliff rose at its very edge, and slowly picked their way along the shelving ridge, which made a gradual incline to the first level.

Then the way became more difficult in the darkness. They clung with their hands to the rocks jutting above them. As they crept around the projection of a ledge they might have looked down seventy feet into the water, but they could not, in the dark, measure the height above them. Then

they came to an incline where the rock was smooth and wide up the face of the cliff, and following Nesito almost on a run for a hundred feet, bending forward toward the cliff, they stood at last on the ledge of the cliff dwellings under a great overhanging roof of stone.

They were behind a sharp elevation of the ledge and could not be seen from below, but the walls of the cliff dwellings could be distinguished dimly rising fifty feet from them, if further protection were needed.

The distant cry of a coyote startled the girls as they sat panting on the rock. It was the signal of Nesito to Major Culvert that they were safely hidden near the entrance of the cave.

The cry was answered from the cañon below, and immediately the sound of horses galloping down the trail came up to them in their lonely retreat. The hearts of the maidens stopped beating for a moment. They were left alone in the dreary gorge dark as night below them, with a narrow stretch of sky above, and only a boy to defend them from angry Navajos, should their hiding place be revealed.

But the excitement and exhilaration of the climb had roused their minds to a courage native to the Navajo maiden, and always at command of the self-possessed American girl. The glow of adventure and triumph at outwitting their pursuers made them forget their peril.

The sound of the horses' hoofs had died away, but Margaret and Chunda did not dare to speak aloud,

THE CAVE

nor scarcely to whisper, lest the acute ear of some Navajo scout on foot ahead of the hostiles should catch the sound, when even the rustling of a leaf in the still air would be noticed.

Fifteen minutes passed in this suspense. They only breathed more quickly as the light step of a runner was heard from below. Then another scout passed. Half a dozen horses rapidly followed. They passed the cottonwood trees. Suddenly they stopped to examine the tracks on the sandy trail. A torch was lighted and waved for a few moments over them and quickly extinguished. The Navajos were evidently satisfied that the party was unbroken and that all were mounted.

Their keen eyes had also detected a hot trail, for as they proceeded it was more slowly and with greater caution, for they were approaching the bend in the cañon, half a mile below where it widened into a hard sandy plain an eighth of a mile wide, their chosen place for the assault.

Major Culvert and his party were not trying to escape from the Navajos. It was better that they should be overtaken and, with the Navajo maiden out of sight, to preserve the appearance of peace, or, in case violence should be threatened, to keep a bold front until they should receive reinforcements.

They were far enough away from the girls to shield them from suspicion of their hiding place by the Navajos, and they were near enough to ride back quickly to their help when the escort should

arrive. Major Culvert had, therefore, ordered the party to slacken their pace.

They had not long to wait for their pursuers. A mile below the cave dwelling they were suddenly aware of swift steps behind them. Two or three horsemen dashed by them without making salutation or outcry. Two other stalwart savages rode quickly into the party and separated the horses. They looked from one to another for the girls. The matron, whose tall and stout form could not be mistaken, was the only one of the women visible. They were evidently astonished, but, saluting the agent, they dashed by to join those who had ridden ahead. Ere long they returned, not finding the girls, and asked Major Culvert for Chunda.

"Why do you seek her tonight?" said Major Culvert sternly. "What are your names?"

"Father," said the spokesman, the son of Mariano, the chief of the eastern portion of the tribe, "we will carry Chunda to her people. Hut-tah demands that she shall dwell with her as her nearest kinswoman."

"Chunda has told me," said Major Culvert, "that she is alone. She has neither father nor mother, nor uncle nor brother. She can, by your Navajo customs, decide for herself, and she has chosen to go back to school. If you come to the agency in two days you may see her there, but not tonight."

"Father, you have hidden Chunda and the white maiden away. This man from Washington shall take no more of our girls from the reservation."

"Mr. Redford will take all that wish to go with him. So the Great Father has said by letter to me. Beware how you resist his will."

"We will do as the Great Father at Washington wishes, but he cannot change our religion," said another Navajo, "nor can he longer make white squaws of our girls, nor fools proud and lazy, of our young men."

"Give us back Chunda tonight," said another Navajo. "We will carry her safely to Hut-tah. Our word for it, she shall not be harmed."

"Men, go home to your hogans and speak not in that way to me. Your words are smooth, but your hearts are evil," replied Major Culvert, with rising anger. "Go back to Hut-tah and tell her to come to Fort Defiance in two days and talk with me and the Maestro, but detain me no longer tonight."

The men had been speaking in broken Spanish and English, and Major Culvert had replied to them in Spanish.

The Navajos muttered to one another, and one with louder voice pointed with a threatening gesture toward Major Culvert.

The agent rode up to him and said: "I know you now, Maitzo, and not one word more like this to me, or I will have you arrested. Men, go on with me to camp and talk with me tomorrow."

They became more calm, and talked long to one another in Navajo, as if to decide upon some course of action, either to obey the agent or to ride back and search for the girls.

Time had been passing rapidly, however, and the tramp of a body of horsemen was heard coming up the cañon on a gallop. As they wheeled around the turn of the trail twenty mounted police came into view and dashed up to the party standing near Major Culvert and surrounded them.

The Navajos were surprised and crestfallen. Major Culvert ordered them to dismount and give up their arms. They sullenly submitted, and a dozen police were detailed to guard them. Then the rest of the police, at Major Culvert's orders, started at a rapid gait with Redford up the cañon.

They could not go fast enough to satisfy the joyful yet anxious heart of Redford, but as they reached the clump of cottonwoods opposite to the cave dwelling the sergeant sounded his bugle. As the notes rung through the gorge and up the cliffs the echoes of the bugle were long repeated. At last an Indian whoop came cheerily down the cliff, and then a joyful hurrah.

The descent of the cliff was perilous in the darkness, but was made in half the time the climb had required, and soon the girls were in the embraces of the matron and father, whose words of praise for their courage and patience were mingled with thanksgivings for their escape.

II

CHAPTER XIV

TRANSFORMED

In the front room of an apartment in a large building near Park Avenue and Seventy-fifth Street, in New York, a girl is sitting late at night with her head leaning upon her hands while a cumbrous leather-covered book on the table before her lies open, but no longer read. The light is burning brightly above her, but her eyes and brain are too tired for study and she has fallen asleep. Her face is in shadow, but her form, lithe and graceful, appears clad in a gray woolen suit with lines of red and blue, making indistinct but large checks in its texture. It is a closely fitting dress and made with evident care and taste in the prevailing style.

At the maiden's throat is a black velvet ribbon fastened by a round silver pin which was once the rosette of a Navajo bridle. Her lips, of a healthy red color, are half opened with a smile and an expression of surprise. She seems to herself to be again among her people, a girl of fifteen. The bright garments, the dark-painted faces, the jargon of guttural speech, and the animated gestures of hands and arms and bodies in their discussions are all revived to her senses. She is in a confused company under the dark rocks of Chin-a-li. A reddish glare seems to mingle with the shadows of the night,

now revealing, now concealing the faces and forms around her. The arms of her mother seem to reach out and embrace her. The words of her young Navajo lover are being whispered to her as he sits by her side and they look upon some strange movement in the dense crowd of Navajos.

"Will you wait for me," he asks, "until we have both learned how to live a better life than this?"

As he tells her what he is to learn and become among the white people, her lover seems to change his form and garb. He is sitting in a schoolroom with many others around him like himself. The first lessons are learned. He is working in a great room where there are many wheels and much clatter of machines. Now he is tall and commanding in figure, and many come to ask him questions. He is sitting at a wide table with great sheets of white paper before him on which he draws figures and outlines of buildings; then soldiers in lines and platoons seem to move at his command. He is addressing people in brightly lighted halls, and yet he seems to be pointing ever to the scene she first beheld, but which has receded into the background of the pictures that develop as from shifting clouds before her eager gaze. He disappears from view. Then she looks up to her mother's loving face and asks her a question. She cannot think what she asks, but it pleases her mother, who yet is vanishing while she despairingly cries out, "She-ma! She-ma!" and wakes.

Her heart is beating wildly and her eyes fill with

tears for its inexpressible longing. But she is at last fully conscious that she has been looking into a past that is locked with a golden key that only study and perseverance will restore to her, and she shuts her book softly.

Then she sadly prepares herself for the night, turns down the gaslight, and throws herself wearily on her narrow bed to sob herself to sleep.

. . . . . .

It is but a week later. Chickering Hall is filled with a throng of thoughtful and refined people in evening dress. The stage, projecting in a half-spherical shape into the audience room, is bordered on its front with great bouquets of roses in its whole length. The ushers have seated the company that, without a display of elegance, adorns every part of the hall with its beauty and intelligence.

It is the celebration of the graduation of one of the classes of the New York Medical School for Women. The orchestra has nearly finished the march from Gounod's Faust, when the members of the college enter and march up the middle aisle in Oxford gowns and caps. Relieved of the ordeals of the yearly examinations, these students with happy faces greet their guests. Among them a graceful girl of medium height walks with those who have completed their first year. Her brilliant black eyes are sparkling with merriment over the jests of her companions as they entered the assembly.

Her name upon the college register does not

bring back the maiden whose story has been thus far told, yet the rich dark skin and heightened color and those plump cheeks have not lost the winsome look of Hedipa's daughter, though strength has been added to her features by triumphs over innumerable difficulties.

The Navajo girl has found a ready friend in the Bishop of New Mexico, who has given her encouragement and support in her chosen profession, and asked her to take the name of a revered saint united with that of his own mother's family.

When Eulalia Lawton's name was read with honors she was greeted with generous applause by her classmates, who had made her their heroine. Her career as an adept in medical science was already predicted by those whose affection and confidence she had won in the competitions of the class room.

CHAPTER XV

INSPIRATIONS

On a bright morning in March the various departments of the Industrial School at Hampton, Virginia, were opened for the annual inspection of its friends and patrons, a numerous company that for a week have been gathering at the Hygeia Hotel at Fortress Monroe from Northern and Southern points, and having arrived on an early train have scattered over the extensive grounds so picturesquely located on the shores of Hampton Roadstead. The stately buildings erected for dormitories, recitation rooms and the scientific and industrial departments of this great institution, with its church, chapel and hospital, impress with new force these intelligent and interested visitors as a wonderful creation of human energy and philanthropy.

The engines of the Saxton Industrial and Mechanical Building have set in swift operation its wheels and shafts, which propel a hundred machines for wood and iron work, saws, planers, carvers, drills and lathes of every description.

The superintendent and foreman of this department, Edward Nelson, is explaining to the guests of the institute the complicated machinery which men and youths of various ages are tending, and

from which they produce samples of work like that which lies completed on tables near them for personal examination. Here are negroes from Alabama and Georgia, and Indians from Nebraska and Minnesota, vying with one another in the skill and perfection of their workmanship; for on this inspection day at any moment the eyes of the foreman and his assistants may be taking notes of their proficiency in the use of the machinery and of the mechanical accuracy of their products. Their promotion and progress will depend largely on the way they acquit themselves today.

The foreman, who appears to be a young man of twenty-eight, has reached his responsible position by virtue of a mechanical talent so quickly developed under the influences of the school that he passed for a genius with his fellows, who, therefore, willingly conceded to him every position to which he rapidly rose. There is not a wheel or a shaft or a rivet in this great establishment of which he does not know the use and correct position. He has handled every part of the machinery, and is ready with directions and advice in every emergency or difficulty the workmen may encounter.

His complexion and hair, and his features, though finely cut and intelligent, indicate his Indian birth, and an observer familiar with the Apache traits would place his origin in the Southwest. In stature and dignity of bearing he is a noble representative of his nation.

Among the visitors that morning was a man of

vigorous form and alert step who had just arrived from Washington. He was a stranger to everyone on the grounds, but familiar with the appointments of industrial institutions, many of which he had visited, and one of which he had already established. He had made his way unannounced to the Machinery Hall and mingled with the friends of Hampton who were inspecting the building.

He was soon listening to the intelligent explanations and numerous answers of the foreman, and to his criticisms, in the presence of the visitors, of the work of the pupils. He quickly recognized the voice and the manner of some former acquaintance. Soon he was carried by them back to the scenes of the Yavishe dance under the darkly frowning walls of Chin-a-li. But that was ten years ago. "Can it be," he asked himself, "that this quick-moving and sharp-witted man, with such an intelligent face and mien, resembles the friend who guided and protected me through that night of superstitious rites and debauchery of his people? Is it the Navajo hunter, Hot-si?"

Stepping up to the foreman as he passed near him, he put his hand out from the throng around him, and with a somewhat hasty salutation addressed him:

"Mr. Nelson, you once befriended me in danger and perplexity among your own people."

He looked up and with a quick recognition warmly responded:

"I know you well, sir, and most gratefully. But

for you and your words on that night at Chin-a-li I would not be here. How often I have wished I might thank you!"

"The pleasure of seeing and hearing you today, with these scores of men and boys under your skillful direction and tutelage, is an unspeakable reward for my efforts."

The foreman called him aside, and behind a planing machine, somewhat removed from the sight of the visitors, he grasped his hand again, and looking him full in the face said with evident feeling:

"You know not what it has cost me of effort and perseverance to stand where I now am; but it has been with one thought and purpose that I must explain to you alone. My dear Mr. Redford, may I see you tonight when my duties here are done, and tell you all that is in my heart?"

"It will be my greatest privilege, amid all that interests me here, to listen to your story," he replied.

"Then I will call for you at the treasurer's office an hour after parade tonight," said the young foreman, with the light of a longing fulfilled shining in his face.

A newly arrived group of visitors gathered around them, and the two friends parted.

When the hour of dress parade came Redford took a position favorable to a critical review of six hundred youths who that day represented in regimental array the once despised colored races of the United States.

As the officers marched to their positions he recognized again his young friend, the Navajo, transformed by his uniform and fine military bearing into the commandant of the institution, which employed successfully the discipline of military drill in regulating these untrained minds and teaching them system, accuracy and obedience.

The parade was creditable to officers and men, and had the commendation of several veterans of the civil war scattered among the spectators. Redford, with rising emotion, listened to the last strain of the band after the crowd had dispersed. Then, turning away, he partook lightly of the collation spread under a tent for the visitors and waited thoughtfully for the hour of his appointment. He found Captain Nelson, whose official position was now fully known to him, waiting on the steps of the treasurer's office, to which he slowly walked through the grounds.

The commandant greeted him warmly. He was again in fatigue dress, and his strong and shapely shoulders and limbs were well displayed by the dark blue military suit.

"I have a boat at the dock, Mr. Redford. Shall we have our talk this evening undisturbed on this quiet bay? I have much in my heart to disclose to you."

"Nothing could please me better," replied Redford, and they walked slowly down Virginia Hall and through the grounds to the water's edge.

The moon was rising full and the air was still.

The golden light of sunset yet lingering in the west, and the silvery rays of the moon mingling with the deepened red light, shed a peculiar color upon the calm surface of the bay as the boat glided out from the shadows near the shore. Captain Nelson had the oars, and Redford, sitting in the stern, held the tiller rope. They were facing each other, but each felt a reluctance to begin a conversation which would gather up the experiences of ten eventful years. Redford, having remained in the far Southwest after the first year, had lost trace of the Navajo boys who had been under the direction of the government and who, with changed names, could not be identified without personally visiting the institutions to which they had been sent.

They were far out on the bay when Redford venturned to break the silence:

"Captain Nelson, shall we not talk more freely if I return to your old name, Hot-si?"

"Yes, sir, for tonight at least. It will bring me to the frankest talk with you."

"You are greatly changed," resumed Redford.

"There was great need of change. How little the Navajo boy understood what was needed to make him a fit companion of American youth and raise him to the level of a Christian manhood!"

"Hot-si, tell me how you began this new life which has lifted you so much above your school fellows."

"Yes, sir; that will touch upon the very thought I wish to make most of with you tonight. I came

here by your sending, ten years ago, a rough and ignorant Navajo boy. Today I stood among some of the bravest and wisest of Americans and told them the principles and methods required in a successful industrial education. I have learned to think as well as to work like a man, and then to superintend and guide others."

"You have been earnest and diligent, Hot-si, and will reap the rewards of faithfulness."

"I have not done it, sir, for these rewards already gained, nor those which I am told I may receive. I have been impelled all these years by some power, I know not what, but I have been fulfilling some other purpose than my own."

"Have you had no strong desire to learn?" said Redford.

"Yes, but the more I wished and purposed for myself, the more I seemed the servant of this higher power. I learned among the first lessons the words of the Bible, 'In him we live, and move, and have our being,' and when I perceived the meaning of those other words, 'As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God,' I felt that God was in me leading me on, and that his Spirit was helping my infirmities and ignorance, so that I should not only be his willing child, but serve him in some special way."

"Did you then learn to do easily the tasks given to you?" asked Redford, with an earnestness that he could not conceal.

"Yes. When once I had learned to read a new

world seemed open to me. I took special interest in figures. All the studies of numbers and any form of mathematics were most attractive to me. I was in continual excitement over the problems that they presented. The use of tools came to me as if by instinct. A few months made me so skillful in one trade that I took another. Then the study of physics and chemistry began to absorb my thought night and day. I was promoted to the machinery department, and I began with a new impulse and a still deeper interest to learn the first things there. I was curious to know everything about a machine. Not a rivet escaped my notice. I could in six months take every one of those machines apart and put it together again, and the cause of any irregularity or stoppage was quickly suggested to my mind."

"For what," asked Redford, "did you desire to learn all these things? Were you trying to excel the rest of the workmen among your schoolmates, or were you thinking of some advantage or position later on that you might reach?"

"Neither," said Hot-si. "I always felt that someone needed me for a difficult work. I tried to find what it was, or to imagine what that work might be. My thoughts often went back to my people in these times of reflection. That morning when I met you lost on the mesa mountain seemed like a glittering point in my mind. Those scenes at Chin-a-li came back again and again to me. The night when I rode out from the Cañon de Chelly seemed like a

dungeon from which I had escaped. Then my own Navajo people with their ignorance and foolish customs and fears, their poor hogans, and restless moving from one part of their country to another, appealed strongly to my heart. I was filled with a deep pity and a strong love for them, and I asked again and again, What can I do for *them?*" Hot-si's voice trembled with the emphasis which he unconsciously placed on the last word.

"Did you not think then that you were being led on for their sakes to such wisdom as you have gained?" interposed Redford.

"Mr. Redford, the thought grew upon me as if I had a revelation. With that thought you again seemed to be connected. I wondered where you were, and felt I must unfold it to you."

"Hot-si," said Redford, deeply moved and with a low, persuasive tone that would have won a less willing heart, "have you confidence enough in me, after all these years of separation, to tell me all your heart's purpose?"

The oars were resting upon the edge of the boat. They were drifting with the tide down to a point whence, at a glance, all the buildings of Hampton Institute could be discerned, half in shadow, half in the soft, silvery rays of the unclouded moon in that brilliant Southern night.

Hot-si waved his hand to the shore, and was silent for a few moments. Then almost timidly he asked:

"Would you be willing to begin with me an Indus-

trial School like that for my people in their own reservation?"

Redford had bent forward slightly to catch every word that slowly and hesitatingly came from his companion's lips. When he had finished he reached forward his hand toward Hot-si.

"Your purpose is of God, my brother. How can I refuse what has been in my own heart night and day since I first addressed your people at Chin-a-li?"

Hot-si rose to his feet, lifted his hands to heaven, and stood silently looking into the depths of the clear night sky. At length he said:

"I believe the spirits of my fathers are near us. They pass one by one before my eyes in shadowy forms, but they look with approval upon us. They seem to plead with me not to falter, and they show me a bright way down to earth, over which hundreds of my people are walking and climbing to the happy spirits of their ancestors. Their forms grow brighter in the light. The sign is good. We shall not fail."

Hot-si had become more than a Shaman. He was a prophet!

CHAPTER XVI

EULALIA LAWTON

EULALIA LAWTON at twenty years reached that period in womanhood which with continued study most quickly develops its powers and forms the judgment that marks the character it will bear through life. This maturing comes ordinarily at that age through motherhood, but the powers thus given to another life may be made to serve aspirations centering in her own development. An avidity for knowledge as well as for society manifests itself under healthy and suggestive influences. The native traits take upon themselves a bloom and a brilliancy that attract the eager notice of society, which always seeks a novelty and a possibility of beauty, grace and wit in its circle.

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Eulalia was a diligent student for the next five years in her medical course and hospital practice. She was not merely a plodder, but a searcher for wisdom everywhere, and her mind was hungry for what in her opportunities was growing abundantly around her. There was novelty to her in every product of skill, every work of art. The pattern and texture of dresses, the peculiarities of buildings, the devices of furniture, the conveniences of travel, the collections of antiquities, and the styles and fash-

ions of the past were always interesting and exciting her curious observation. Those accustomed from childhood to these things can hardly measure the delight with which they are perceived and studied by one who reached womanhood in a tepee or a hogan on a reservation. Eulalia's mind from the beginning of her new knowledge never lost its ardor of search.

With the advantage of friends whose companionship and care would not allow her to be exposed to the dangers of a great city, she went everywhere under suitable protection. In love with knowledge, she sought her early and late. On Broadway and the avenues, in the shops, in the museums and art galleries, and even on the docks, in steamboats and railroad trains, wherever during these five years a leisure hour could be profitably spent, she combined recreation and study. So she learned by the quick perception remarkable in her people as much as from the books she diligently read.

When Eulalia's medical course was finished she had time during hospital practice to attend scientific and popular lectures in entertainments that introduced her to the progressive thoughts and enterprises of the times. She studied city institutions, especially those of an industrial and charitable aim. She began to enter the quiet literary circle in which Redford and his family moved, and became a student of character in new and interesting phases. She was sprightly and animated in her conversation, which seemed like the bubbling of those effervescing

spring waters to which her people resorted as to a sanitarium of nature's own providing.

But while her mind was settling to certain tastes and pursuits she was wary of intimacies with her companions. She loved the family of her benefactor with genuine and unstinted devotion. She had implicit confidence in the sisterly affection and good judgment of Margaret, whose faithfulness she returned with constant sacrifices for her pleasure. To Mrs. Redford she was even more indebted, for with her refinement and intelligence she cherished her with maternal fondness. By an excellent literary judgment and a strong Christian sentiment Mrs. Redford became an invaluable guide, and saved Eulalia from many misdirections of her own impulses and shaped her womanly traits to strength as well as beauty.

Thus, upon a nature singularly fresh and uncontaminated at first, was built a discriminating character of no ordinary worth.

One morning at breakfast Mrs. Redford turned to Eulalia and said:

"Mr. Redford has invited to dinner tonight a gentleman from Hampton, Virginia, one of the instructors there who was in the office yesterday. He would like you to meet him. Can you make your arrangements at the hospital to be away this afternoon and till tomorrow morning? We wish to be sure that you will be free."

"Happily, dearest mamma," Eulalia said, for she always thus called her, "I have that time at my com-

mand today as special reward for a difficult surgical operation yesterday."

"How was that, Eulalia?" asked Mrs. Redford.

"The doctors in charge could not bring their minds to perform it. They believed it would be fatal to the patient, who seemed to be rapidly sinking; but I pleaded for the woman to try to save her life, and to let me attempt it, if they would not. When it was well over they all declared I should have two weeks off, to save my own life, as they said."

"Bravo, Eulalia! We are proud of you. I read of it in the evening paper as a brilliant operation. You shall have a reward in meeting somebody worth knowing. Mr. Redford found him last month at Hampton, and made him promise a visit when he should come to New York."

"I am charmed, dearest mamma. My best gown and ribbons have been waiting for a proper occasion, and I am most gratefully yours for tonight, without a written invitation. I am going to spend part of the morning in cultivating feminine tastes in the shops on Twenty-third Street and return two or three calls on the West Side this afternoon. If I can get a three hours' sleep in between these pressing duties, will you mind?"

"No, indeed, Eulalia; that will be the best part of your holiday, but perhaps you will prefer the pleasures of the evening."

The breakfast was over and the family separated.

Seven o'clock was near, and Eulalia was finish-

ing her toilet for dinner. Fortunately, the nap had absorbed the hours which had been assigned in the morning to calls. She was restful, calm and happy from its refreshing, and for the unwonted relief from the care of patients and with the sense of two weeks of entire liberty before her.

Mrs. Redford and Margaret had just seated themselves in the reception room when their guest was announced. At the moment he entered the room Eulalia had come from the opposite direction and stood gazing curiously while he was saluting Mrs. Redford and her daughter. He had been cordially received and was now waiting for the moment when he might take a seat, when Mrs. Redford, who had turned toward her chair, discovered Eulalia.

"Ah, Captain Nelson, this is my foster daughter, Miss Lawton. The Bishop of New Mexico and I have claims that cannot be reconciled in this dear girl, and we are each nearing a collision. Perhaps before the evening is ended you can tell which of us has the better right to claim her. Kindly be seated, Captain Nelson."

But he hardly heard her command. His eyes were fixed with wonder. The bright red of Eulalia's cheeks and the brunette complexion, fresh and vigorous, but softened by repose of body and spirit, would have attracted anyone's gaze; but there was a wakening of Nelson's sharp perceptions to recognition of features and expression, however changed, that held him for an instant in uncertainty. Then rushed back from his fondest recollection an ideal

face, to challenge comparison with this one before him. Only an instant it lingered. What was the decision of his mind as to their identity?

Eulalia had been at advantage in the moments that passed during the welcome of Mrs. Redford and Margaret, but her womanly perception had flashed at the first look a recognition of her Navajo lover in the tall, dark-skinned, but sharply intellectual man before her.

There was a flutter of her heart for a moment. It throbbed wildly, but her face showed no sign of its violent action, except a growing firmness about the mouth. She cast a second look full into Captain Nelson's face as she bowed. Her intuitions were quicker than his. She saw the transformation of ten years, from a youthful lover on the reservation to a man of force, of vigorous will, of judgment, self-reliant and sufficient for the accomplishment of large purposes.

The womanly reserve of an equally self-contained character that had waited in its development, unsought for yet faithful to its maidenly pledge, assumed control of Eulalia in that moment. They were both changed. The promise of youth was fulfilled, but she must be won again in her new and larger thought and life, while it was even probable that they could never find companionship after such divergence from the thoughts and traits of their young days.

So Eulalia's decision was made. Naturally there was an instant change of attitude from the one that

at first recognition seemed unavoidable. Eulalia's calm and steady but kindly look kept the Navajo lover at a distance and gradually brought Captain Nelson, commandant and instructor at Hampton, to the front. He recovered himself and ceased to wonder.

Nelson turned to Mrs. Redford and said: "Your husband has been most kind and considerate in giving me the pleasure of meeting you and your family tonight."

"Mr. Redford has often wished for this opportunity," she replied pleasantly. "His interest in Hampton seemed to center in you and your kind attentions to him."

"Mr. Redford was more than a guest to me, my dear madam," said Nelson warmly. "He bridged the space of years by his sympathy with my most cherished wish, and has now made my purpose well-defined and one that, if my life is spared, must be fulfilled."

Redford now entered the room, and as he finished his greeting to Nelson the maid appeared at the folding door and announced dinner.

The hostess put her arm in Captain Nelson's, and as they walked into the dining room said in low tones, as if replying to his last words:

"You have given my husband new courage and hope for a work that he has held dear to his heart for many years."

Captain Nelson was seated at Mrs. Redford's right, and next to him was Eulalia. Margaret and

her young brother, Vinton, a boy of fifteen, were opposite.

The conversation was general. The dinner was served in a few courses, but with the ease and grace suited to the social relations of the family.

As they grew better acquainted Margaret and Eulalia vied with each other in shrewd and lively replies to Redford's suggestions, who kept control of the table talk.

When they returned to the parlor Captain Nelson took a seat near Eulalia by the window, as far as possible from the others.

"Miss Lawton," he said, hesitatingly, "you have surprised me indeed by the power with which your face brings back old scenes, but in your words and manner this evening I find no recognition of the friend of my boyhood of whom you remind me."

"That was to be expected, Captain Nelson, if your fancy has been trying to clothe me in a blanket and moccasins in order to get a familiar glimpse of me."

"My memory, Miss Lawton, has never lacked skill before to make those faces distinct, but tonight it is in a daze. It seems more than ten years since I left the reservation with my friend here and his company of Navajo girls to seek my fortunes among the white people. You have made most rapid progress away from your past, Miss Lawton," he continued, after a pause.

"But you have been far ahead of me in your flight," she hastily replied. "Those birds no longer

flock together that stretched their wings on that day."

"How often do they meet in air, Miss Lawton?" Nelson said, with feeling. "It is when they light upon solid ground that they can exchange their notes of welcome and sympathy."

"You have not forgotten your hunter's craft, Captain Nelson—but Mrs. Redford is coming to speak to you."

"Ah, Captain Nelson," said his hostess, "I must give you warning. My foster child, Eulalia, is forbidden for two weeks to discuss anything serious or bookish. She must live in alternate dreams and waking and feed on the fresh air of the Adirondacks. My dear friends, the Oldhams, today offered us their cottage at Blue Mountain Lake, while they shall be absent at the seashore. Everything there is in a habitable condition for them, and we are welcome to all its comforts. We shall take the generous fare of the hotel table besides. I have invited the Bishop of New Mexico to join us and he will spend a week or ten days as our guest and give us two Sundays in the little church on the lake shore. Will you, Captain Nelson, give us also your presence?"

There could be but one response to such hospitality. Besides the pleasure of intimacy with this lovely family, Nelson could meet the Bishop to whom of all others his thoughts had been directed by Redford in his plans for the welfare of his people.

"With all my heart, madam. Nothing could suit me better. You have 'my thanks in advance,' as they now write when they ask for large favors."

So the half hour remaining of Captain Nelson's visit was spent in a lively discussion of the "outing."

CHAPTER XVII

REVELATIONS

THE Redford party took the day boat to Albany. The night was spent at Saratoga, and an early start was made the next morning by rail for the Adirondacks. The stage from North River station arrived at Blue Mountain Lake on the evening of the second day. It was the first of August, and there had been a succession of showers interspersed with hot sunshine through the day. The season had been dry, and the rains thus falling for several days had changed the thick dust to mud, but their effect on the hillsides and forests was delightful. The air was fragrant with the odor of pines, and the stage ride refreshed instead of wearied the travelers. They were prepared for the full enjoyment of the new kind of life awaiting them in the rustic cottages that surrounded the hotel, but were hidden in the oaks and pines that covered the steep shores of the lake.

The stage was driven up to the hotel in the darkness, and they climbed the long stairway to the veranda. Each of the party entered with elated spirits into the brightly lighted lobby, but they were strangers to the guests of the hotel, and supper was served at once. Then the party started on foot with a guide and lanterns over a path through the woods

to Oldham Cottage. The maid in charge had been notified of their coming, and a fire was burning in the huge fireplace at one end of the reception room.

Margaret, Vinton and Eulalia had hurried forward to the cottage, closely followed by Nelson, while Redford and his wife were somewhat behind.

The exterior of the cottage was in darkness, but they perceived it to be covered with great sheets of pine bark. The interior was finished with partitions and panels of pine and cedar posts still retaining their bark. Broad strips of white birch bark filled the panels, which were bordered with turkey-red cloth, and the rafters were visible above all the rooms.

The floors were of plain wood unpainted; the walls and window seats hung with skins of deer and foxes, mink and stuffed birds. Shotguns, fishing rods and baskets for game stood in the corners, and photographs of the lakes and mountain houses in the vicinity covered unsightly places in the pine slabs of which the walls were constructed. Even the furniture, the bedsteads, the divans and chairs were made with rustic frames. But, with all this rough and woodsy material, artistic shapes and designs for ornamentation were everywhere visible.

It was difficult to tell whether the effect of these surroundings was the more pleasing to Nelson and Eulalia, brought up in the rude shelters of the reservation, or to those who came from refined homes. Certainly they revealed to the former a new suggestion of adaptation and gradual civilization with

material at hand for the homes of their Navajo kinsfolk.

Nelson studied with a critical eye every device and touch of an artistic hand in the outward shapes and interior arrangement and decorations of these summer homes. He perceived that with few additions they could be made comfortable for winter, and so suitable for his people in their warmer climate.

It was past midnight when the family were quietly resting in their apartments in the cottage, but later still when Captain Nelson closed his eyes. He had been reviewing the last two days and his progress in acquaintance with Eulalia. On the steamboat they were often together, viewing from the saloon deck the unrivaled views on the Hudson. But every hour revealed how far apart they had gone in their sentiments. There was no word of love between them. There was but little allusion to the past. The second day Nelson had been seated by Margaret in the highest seat on the top of the coach, Eulalia and Vinton Redford below them, and Mr. and Mrs. Redford were inside passengers. The frequent showers and the novel scenery had given a lively but desultory cast to the conversation. They were no nearer that evening to an understanding of each other's hearts, for Margaret's gayety had left no time for serious speech between them.

The morning broke clear upon the lake, and Nelson, having risen early, from a hill to the south watched the sun's first beams upon the beautiful

sheet of water. His old love of wandering in forest glades was aroused. He hurried down to the shore, and finding a boatman took a canoe and paddled far out into the lake.

The woods and mountains, becoming now distinct before his eyes, were in their native beauty and grandeur, untouched by the hand of man. He had not seen their like since he left the reservation. From their sides were rolling the clouds of fog that had risen earlier from the lakes. Nelson turned his canoe to cross the lake through islands deeply wooded which rose like emeralds from its crystal depths. The farther he paddled the nearer he seemed to come to the spirits of the tribes that once dwelt around these shores. He felt that he might be kindred to them, at least in sympathy with their simple faiths and customs. So his fancy led him, and he began to build again their lodges and to descry them in their bark canoes following the deer that plunged into the lake, and to hear their songs and whoops in their dances on these green islands that he was passing, whose rocky sides rise boldly from the deep water.

Suddenly, in his reveries, Nelson heard a splash, and he turned his head to see the horns of a buck that had come furiously down the hill and was swimming for the opposite shore. The distant bay of a hound told Nelson of the pursuit that had struck terror into the poor beast, which had been browsing in a forest glade.

Nelson was transformed into a hunter once more.

With neither rifle nor bow, he hastily paddled toward the game. His canoe quickly overtook the frightened animal, and he steered between him and the shore which he had almost reached. Nelson raised his paddle to smite him, when the soft, beseeching eyes of the deer caught his own. He hesitated, then dropped his uplifted arm and let him pass.

"No!" he said, "my poor fellow, you are like my own nation, hunted, crowded back, driven from their haunts, pursued by greed and selfishness. Flee, rather, to your mate and escape the hunters. 'I have come not to destroy, but to save.'

> 'He prayeth well who loveth well
> Both man and bird and beast.
> He prayeth best who loveth best
> All things both great and small;
> For the dear God who loveth us,
> He made and loveth all.'

The buck had reached the bank which sloped to the water. Nelson saw his horns disappear amid the branches, and he listened to his steps bounding up the mountainside.

"Saved!" he exclaimed, and he lifted his eyes to heaven. "'So, O God, defend us, thy humble servants, in all assaults of our enemies; that we, surely trusting in thy defense, may not fear the power of any adversaries, through the might of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.'"

Nelson paddled back thoughtfully to the boathouse. His heart was full of tenderness as he re-

called his people, and his projects for them not yet begun.

He mounted the stairway to the veranda of the hotel, and found there Eulalia and Margaret walking up and down its long reaches, and looking out upon the surface of the lake, now gray with ripples from the morning breeze. Their cheeks were fresh from sleep in the mountain air, and their eyes glistened with delight.

"Buenos dias, señoritas!" said Captain Nelson, cheerily, as they approached him. He did not know that his salutation would be a reminder of the past, till out of the associations with his latest thoughts he had involuntarily uttered the words.

"Buenos dias, señor," said Margaret, joyously.

"Good morning," said Eulalia, more quietly.

"I have been out on the lake," said Nelson, "and have found already what will be our greatest diversion in this delightful place." Then he changed his tone: "I hope you are rested, girls, and ready for anything today."

"Yes, indeed!" said Margaret, "for anything from a plunge to a climb; but I think we will take breakfast first. Mamma and papa are already in the breakfast room waiting for us. We saw you coming over the lake."

The week went by swiftly, as in a dream. The first day was given to canoeing, till they could master singly or by twos the unsteady craft, and without fear venture across the lake, through inlets and outlets into others for many miles, or, landing upon

the islands, picnic on the rocks or within their deeper shade. Margaret often went alone; then Nelson and Eulalia were always in the same canoe, but Mr. and Mrs. Redford joined them in their picnic teas on the islands. They strolled at will along the mossy paths on the lake shore, played tennis in the hotel courts, or sat upon the piazzas mingling with the guests; but they were always comfortable and happy when gathered in the quiet evenings about their own huge fireplace in Oldham Cottage. Then Nelson would sometimes tell Navajo traditions. For a couple of hours every morning Redford and Captain Nelson discussed most seriously the great enterprise which it was in their hearts to accomplish for the Navajos. Margaret had found some young men acquaintances among recent arrivals whose diversions drew her from the rest of the family, and so the interviews between Eulalia and Nelson were daily more protracted.

Were they advancing on the flower-strewn path of love? Had they yet discovered that the affection and troth of youth were only suited to another sort of life, and that natures so transformed in each by education and by different ruling motives would never be happy together?

Nelson did not dare to speak the stronger passion that now controlled him. He was quick to see the rare and richer bloom of Eulalia's nature. It was so finely wrought, so full of joyous sentiment, and so unselfish in its devotion to the suffering and needy of her people that he feared to test its leaning

toward his own companionship as essential to her fullest life and happiness.

There was such resource of good in herself, such calm and untiring search for the true and helpful things in nature and art and humanity to ennoble herself and benefit others by them, that he well might fear it to be an intrusion of his own personality—a conceit of his own growing passion—to propose that he share her life and unite her destiny to his less complete and more dependent soul.

It was Saturday morning, and the young people had wandered up the hill from which Nelson had taken the first view of the lake which had so powerfully wakened in him the Navajo. The two friends sat apart from the others on a great rock in a field by the roadside where the whole effect of water, islands and distant mountains and lakes could be taken in the scene. Eulalia had asked Nelson to recount to her his life since they left the reservation together, and he had described to her its unfoldings of desire and power and effort. His difficulties in religious training and beliefs were especially narrated, and his final settling with religious theories by resolving to devote all his energy and skill and knowledge to lift his own Navajo tribe to an outward equality with the white men, or at least to set them well on the way to such a transformation.

Eulalia could perceive in the narrative no vital influence of their early love on his daily life. After a year or two it was remembered as a dream that some time he would live over, but it had guarded

his heart from every other intruder on the place he had given it there.

The young people were returning by various paths to the hotel and cottages. Margaret and her friends went down the hill to the lake shore and struck into a path that ran through the thick woods along the uneven banks. Nelson and Eulalia followed them, but so far behind that they often in the leafy path lost sight of those ahead. The way grew very narrow, and they had to walk singly. The habit of the early life in following a trail was unconsciously assumed. Eulalia was behind her lover. Their thoughts fell into the old channels. The mosses and the trees, the rocks and the birds, the very shading of the path by the sun-flecked branches made their hearts young again, and they talked now of those early years. The path came out at last to the little Church of the Transfiguration, built a few feet from the white sandy beach of the lake, amid tall old pines. It was constructed of logs, like the cottages, with their rough outer bark carefully preserved, while within its ceiling of native pine, its seats, and all its appointments and its design betokened the taste of a skilled architect and the scrupulous care of an Anglican priest.

The sight of this chapel in the woods aroused their admiration, and suggested again the possibilities of its repetition for their own people in the reservation. Sitting upon a log lying prone upon the white sand moistened by the rippling lake, Nelson now begged Eulalia for the story of her school

and college life. It was at first humorously pictured to her friend. The child spirit again came back to her. She told in light and easy vein a tale of the first three years. Then she depicted the brightness of her hope of meeting her mother, with its sad and pathetic outcome. Her story was now seriously unfolded. Her pity for her kinsfolk and nation when stricken with disease, lonely and helpless in their hogans, without medical care or assistance till too late for their recovery, and the purpose to devote her whole life to their relief was calmly but with deep feeling explained and dwelt upon till she could say no more.

Their hearts for all these years now were open to each other's scrutiny. They had kept their word, so early plighted beneath the cliffs of the Cañon de Chelly, but Nelson's absorbing zeal for knowledge had made him delay to claim her young maiden love for him, and he had even been indifferent at times to know her fate. Chance or design had brought them together. Was it too late? Certainly not for Nelson's love. The brand smoldering in his bosom had quickened into a consuming flame at sight and acquaintance with this once-betrothed child, but now a high-souled woman.

There was no mistaking his passion now, and when he recognized its full force and claim he followed its behest.

Eulalia had finished her story.

"Loved friend of my youth," he pleaded, with deep and trembling voice, "let me have the place I

once could claim so unworthily. Your destiny demanded a nobler companion. Can I not be that? I offer you now a better self, but you are risen so much beyond me that I pray for your tender regard —for your love to take me into its ennobling influence and to make me only your equal in unselfishness—your helper and protector in fulfilling life's duty!"

Eulalia turned her flushed face calmly to his, and with her clear, dark eye searching his spirit replied:

"Captain Nelson, for these ten years past I have not been first in your earthly thoughts, and the stronger passion of your soul has been only for a work for our people that was worthy indeed of the noblest and most unselfish spirit. I also have given myself to my people."

Nelson would have spoken here, but a nameless fear was creeping into his spirit.

"I do not doubt," she continued, "the sincerity of your confession of your present devotion to me, but is it now a love stronger than any other purpose—stronger than death? We had better fulfill each our greater duty alone, and wait for other years to make our happiness complete."

"Miss Lawton! Chunda! Forgive me," said Nelson, rising and holding out his hand. "Do not give answer yet to this question. Not yet. No! Let a few more days, if need be, be allowed us both among these scenes so like those of our early love. Here, if anywhere, you may learn the strength of

my love and our need of each other in raising our people to a better life, like ours now."

She grasped his hand gently but firmly for a moment, and then they turned toward the road that led up to Oldham Cottage.

CHAPTER XVIII

ON THE HEIGHTS

No arrival could have been more welcome at Oldham Cottage than that of the Bishop of New Mexico on the Saturday evening which closed the first week at Blue Mountain Lake. He had already met Eulalia several times in New York, and was strongly convinced of her fitness for her chosen work. Her occasional letters had led him to form a sincere affection for his *protégée,* who had won his respect by her ability and her singular devotion to the beneficent scheme in which she intended to use the remarkable skill already attained in her profession.

Captain Nelson was a new acquaintance to the Bishop, and the unfolding of his plan in a long conference that evening with him and Mr. Redford had filled his heart with serious thoughts of the way to accomplish so great a work for the redemption of nearly twenty thousand Navajos from barbarism.

The next morning he rose early to meet a few faithful communicants at holy communion. In company with Mr. Redford he went down to the little church among the trees, which were dripping with the heavy dew. He stood a while on the shore and looked out upon the smooth surface of the lake, in deep shade along the banks from the dense woods, above which the sun had not yet risen. Farther out,

where the water was rippled by the light breeze coming down the mountainside, were to be seen two or three canoes headed directly toward the church. In the bow of one of these canoes was standing upright a large cross of white lilies, gathered from the lake and arranged by some faithful churchwoman to decorate the altar. As they neared the shore a city rector staying across the lake rose in the boat, and with his companion, who had held the oars, lifted out the cross and brought it to land. Saluting the Bishop, the three clergymen went into the little vestry room, while five or six communicants from the rector's church, leaving their canoes, joined the group of twenty or more gathered from the cottages to receive holy communion. Among these were kneeling near the chancel Margaret and Eulalia, and Captain Nelson, a later comer, was near the door.

On two hearts at least in that little company were resting burdens that needed to be lifted; two were seeking the leading of that kindly light that has often entered weary minds in the wilderness. For these two hearts it was a hallowed service of confession, of prayer for help and guidance, of quickened faith, of renewed devotion. It gave also to the Bishop officiating the theme of his sermon, which was to strengthen many worshipers in the later service: "The chastisement of our peace was upon him, and by his stripes we are healed."

The next day was the Feast of the Transfiguration. The church was nearly filled with communi-

cants at the holy celebration which followed morning prayer. The Bishop, in his short address, described the effect on weary and troubled minds of scenes of beauty in the companionship of those endowed with physical grace and beauty. "The three disciples were able to look upon what was more enrapturing to the eye than any earthly sight could be—the transfigured beauty of the Son of man when his divine nature irradiated his human form and features. While the harmony of their surroundings in ethereal loveliness perfected the picture before the ennobled gaze of the three disciples, Saint Peter could well say it was good to be there; and they desired to abide and listen to heavenly themes while Moses and Elias conversed with their Lord. But what did they hear from their lips?" continued the Bishop. "As they talked of the things which should yet be in the earthly life of the Son of God, they heard of the sufferings he should yet accomplish ere his purpose and work should be fulfilled. So is it," concluded the Bishop's address, "that in our moments of highest spiritual elation we shall so clearly see the shadow of earth's need and our own part in the sorrows of men that we may be able to heal and purify them."

By previous arrangement, the afternoon of Transfiguration Day was given to the ascent of Blue Mountain. It rose directly above the cottages, but could be approached only by the road winding up to the rock already described, where Nelson and Eulalia had been seated when he told her the story

of his education. A party had gathered directly after noon from the hotel for the mountain climb, in which the guests at Oldham Cottage had been invited to join.

The path led at first through open fields, and the company was divided into groups of five or six persons. But as the way became steeper and entered the heavier woods it separated these clusters of gay and sedate people into closer companionship as they straggled up the mountainside. The rough path became formidable to weaker limbs, and strong arms were often needed to pull the climbers up and over the bowlders that could not be avoided.

At last, by a deliciously cold spring with mossy sides, flowing close to the trail, the Oldham cottagers found a desirable spot to take a long rest. Here they could get glimpses of the forests and hills and lakes below them like a paradise hidden from mortal sight, but seen occasionally through the clouds which our spiritual fancies pierce, or which break into rifts before the tearful eyes of those who sorrow in hope of a better and brighter world.

Eulalia and her lover in the excitement of their arduous climbing had felt again the power of early impressions and were in the happy moods of their childhood days. They talked with utmost freedom to Redford and Margaret. They laughingly told the romances of their tribe, sometimes so absurd as to make the woods ring with the merriment excited in their friends as well as in their own hearts by the recital. Again they began to climb, and in half an

hour came out upon the rocky summit, bare of trees but piled with massive bowlders which were surmounted by the frame of an observatory raised for government surveys.

From this lofty spot the sight of forty or fifty glistening lakes amid the wide-spreading wilderness of forest, and the mountain ranges sixty miles away, rising in dim outlines on the horizon, translated them to the regal mountain chains of their own country. They stood in silent admiration of the view for a few minutes, then they sought a commanding ledge for a seat, while others of the numerous party, scattering over the mountain top, strolled to nearer points of observation.

Eulalia and Nelson were lifted by the familiar scenes of the unsubdued wilderness and by the rarefied air of their position on the mountain's crest to a spiritual level, while their thoughts harmonized. Their visions of their own selves were clarified. They discerned in sharper lines their separate missions for their people.

Eulalia saw the fallen raised, their enfeebled bodies clothed with vigor, their wan faces turned to smiles with a healthy glow, and with gratitude for the tender care and wonderful skill which had saved them from despair and death.

Nelson beheld the ignorant groping no longer, but gladly searching for the truths of nature around them and of the spiritual life within them. They wrought at occupations like other American citizens, equal with them in political rights. They

improved their own lands, builded their own houses, carried on trades and manufactures, planned and developed their own progress in the arts of American life, and ventured sometimes to higher knowledge and taught their people the gospel of an earthly redemption and of a future life.

Drawn by a common purpose, they turned toward each other.

"Eulalia," said Nelson, "can you not see that our paths lie like those two silvery chains of lakes between the green forests yonder, ever nearer to each other as they stretch out toward the west? In the horizon that bounds our view they seem to unite. Our thoughts fly swiftly along those waters toward the land of our mothers. Can we do for the people there what our hearts now plan without each other's sustaining love? How easy it was for us just now to climb together that steep path! Its difficulties brought us only to aid more constantly each other. Love transfigures duty whether we toil for ourselves or others. To lift a fallen fellow sinner to hope and truth, how blessed! to raise one's own people to the respect and fellowship of citizens in this wonderful republic, and to share this work together! Can God call us to a higher duty, or let our paths separate when we might have this joy, Oh, dearest friend, to sow and reap together?"

Eulalia lifted her dark eyes to Nelson as he paused, and now, with a look of mingled admiration and devotion that was tinged with pain, she softly answered:

"When your little Chunda left you it was to make herself a worthier helpmate to you. There was no thought then of these many years of toil and separation that have rolled between us. Your trusting little maid had been lonely and sad, but never has she been untrue to you, and now her brave hunter boy comes back to ask her to share his nobler life and the destiny of her own people whom he would save. Does he think that Eulalia is now less mindful of the high purpose and honored station of her lover than when he was the son of a chief, roaming in idle hunting over the reservation? Does he think that she has less love in her woman's heart and her own enlarged powers to give him now? I am yours now as I always have been in heart, but a thousand times more because you ask me to love you in a service which we have each received from the Lord who has redeemed us and given us a higher faith and purpose!"

Nelson saw the love light in her eyes grow dim with tears. As he seized her hand the sight of some of the party strolling near restrained a more tender embrace.

"Dearest Eulalia," he said—"no, let me call you now 'my little Chunda' as of old—why does this shadow darken your beautiful eyes in this moment of my supremest joy? Tell me your deepest thought. Am I not forgiven my neglect, my wretched heedlessness of you when I was swept along by my mad thirst to know and do everything to make me worthy of my life's aim? Oh, darling,

forget it now, when we both may be—when we are once more—so happy. Have we not waited long enough to take the joy of these moments in a higher, purer and nobler love than we as children could know?"

"Mr. Nelson," said Eulalia slowly, but he interrupted her.

"You do not like my old name. I beg you take my Christian name on your sweet lips, for here we can hardly seal our vows as lovers may."

"Edward," she said, with a rich glow rising from her cheeks to her beautiful eyes, "I have read in this hour another lesson with this dear one of love, that somehow the high purposes in each of us, which it makes more sacred, will require of us suffering in that love itself which now seems to give us more strength and promise of success. Can our plighted love bear to give its own price of pain for the privilege of this mutual and undivided work that is worthy of our whole lifetime?"

"Darling," said Nelson thoughtfully, "you have seen farther than I today into the mysteries of redemption. I have seen the glory in its glistening whiteness; you have heard the whisperings of the glorified. You speak of sufferings," he continued, "by which this work of ours may be accomplished. Your love, so true and deep, so sensitive to its perils, has opened my eyes also to see. It would be perfect love that casteth out fear. It is the love of our hearts, yet only human. It shrinks from tests like suffering in itself, like separation; but if God be in

us and in this love, now we may trust to its fidelity. I know not how to name this fear, but whenever it comes let us remember that true love will not ask us to sacrifice a purpose great and noble, for which we have prepared to live, though it may lead us into tests that our single lives would not have needed."

Eulalia looked up into his face pale with high resolve.

"You have spoken sweetly, bravely, Edward darling, and as my own heart wished to speak, but so much better. You are my guide and helper henceforth, and I shall be your inspirer and sympathizer, but let us each hold at any cost to ourselves the sacred duty of our lifework."

The love light shone steadily in her eyes now—the shadow had passed.

They rose, and as they were approaching Margaret and her father Eulalia said:

"I shall begin my work ere I leave yonder lake below us that has mirrored in its depths the mystery of our love. I will ask our Bishop to accept me now for his helper to redeem the Navajos."

Redford now came toward them alone, while Margaret halted to talk with a friend who had just come up the mountain.

"Mr. Redford," said Nelson, "we have a great favor to ask of you. Will you, who have so long been a faithful friend, give your willing consent that I may become the protector, if I am not worthy to be the guide, of this dear girl? See, you read in her own happy face the urging of my plea!"

"I wouldn't try," said Redford, with a demure look, "to separate this mountain from that lake if I had the power. I think I would try my faith, if I were so disposed, on some easier task than to keep apart two hearts and lives that have been made one by nature and grace. No; rather with my consent I give you my heartiest congratulations! Margaret," he continued, for they had now come near to her, "look at your wayward sister!"

Margaret turned her head, gave one glance at the radiant faces, and sprang to her feet. It was but a moment ere she had reached Eulalia and, throwing her arms around her neck, whispered laughingly one word in her ears, and kissed her again and again on both cheeks.

Then, holding her hand out to Nelson, she said:

"A sweeter, rarer flower was never plucked than you have taken to yourself today. Captain Nelson, you are indeed a happy man. God keep you together!"

CHAPTER XIX

A WOMAN'S PLEADING

THE spacious parlor of Blue Mountain Lake Hotel is filled with guests from the hotels and cottages in the vicinity of the lake invited by the Bishop of New Mexico to listen to an address on "Navajo Women and Their Needs." The novelty of the topic and the beauty and attractiveness of the speaker, already celebrated in this region, have drawn together an eager audience on this Sunday evening.

Eulalia's engagement to Captain Nelson has stirred the community to an extraordinary degree of favorable comment. It has met the Bishop's hearty approval, and has commended also her desire to begin at once her enterprise, to which she is now impelled with greater intensity. Instead of dwelling selfishly and indolently in the happy fulfillment of their mutual love by its plighted troth, it has added an impetus to her life by enlarging her sympathies and ennobling her thoughts upon the distresses and needs of her people. The Bishop is now ready to further the plans which he had himself so long cherished for the relief of this needy portion of his charge.

Eulalia, with a simple trust in God's power to make effective an appeal to the hearts of her

friends, has during the week recalled many scenes of her girlhood till she left her people. Her quickened sympathies have dispelled her fears, and she is impatient to give her message.

Her own plans are distinct in her mind. During her medical studies and practice she has carefully watched for everything that would be valuable to her in the inauguration of a hospital for women. With a practical mind she has also noted the cost as well as use of every appliance in nursing and surgery that would be useful to her. One of her patients, moved by her skill and devotion to her profession, has interested a friend who was an eminent architect to make plans for a hospital building. These she has now with her, and has often contemplated them with quickened zeal to begin her undertaking. Her faith that it can be accomplished has been strong. God will open the way, she is confident, when she shall need the funds.

Now the hour has come for her to act. She is happy, earnest and humbly confident that she can speak from her heart, and for a real and pressing need. Will not this be enough to move and persuade those who have the ability and willingness to act nobly and generously for their fellow beings?

The audience was chatting with the freedom characteristic of a parlor entertainment, when Eulalia, following the Bishop with Mrs. Redford, made her way through the company to a small table in the center of the room opposite the huge fireplace. The chairs had been arranged so that

the people were facing Eulalia, on whose face the cheerful blaze was casting a varying light as she stood near the wall.

The Bishop offered two collects from the evening prayer service. Then he introduced Miss Lawton with a brief but hearty recommendation to the guests, believing that her graceful but modest presence would make the most favorable impression.

"Dear friends," she said, in a low, sweet voice, "I take your hands tonight and ask your sympathy and aid in the work I have chosen to do for my people. I seem to myself to be one of you, for my education and training for ten years have been wholly with the kindest citizens of this great republic. I am a foster child of Americans, but I am an orphan of the Navajos. My heart has not forgotten its kinswomen, and I love my adopted people for all they are and have been to me. It is my strongest desire to make my nation one with yours, at least in your virtues, your charities, your lovable traits. If they cannot be as wise or graceful, I would have them become in time as good and beneficent as you are.

"I pray you to hear what my kinspeople are now, and what they need to learn, so that the sweet charities of a Christian land may include them in the words of my Master for you: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'

"I was brought up in a hogan until I was a maiden of fifteen years. My mother, blessed to my earliest

memory for the comfort and strength she gave to all her sisters in their need, went from hogan to hogan to minister to the sick. The plight of a Navajo woman when disease has seized upon her is indeed sad. She has no bed but a pile of blankets on the damp earth, no protection from the rain or snow or cold when the storms blow through the walls of branches intertwined and plastered imperfectly with mud. She has no food suitable for the weakened stomach, no baths for her fevered body, no cleanly garments or wraps, no disinfectants to destroy the germs of disease. Her lungs, through exposures from earliest childhood, are easily affected by dread consumption; her blood, weakened by lack of nourishment, is filled with fever.

"Her children, if she be a mother, are uncared for and crying for food. Her husband hates sickness, and often leaves his offspring to the mercy and care of some other woman, whose hogan is distant, and leaves his wife to die through neglect and the comfortless conditions of her illness.

"In the hour of woman's sorest need she is no better protected. In childbirth the care of her helpless babe in its earliest hours is committed to ignorant and unpitying hands. Only the strongest children can long survive the exposure, and soon the weaker and more feeble, inheriting disease, especially if they are girls, pine away and die.

"These are some of the sad conditions of womanhood among the Navajos. But often a woman there has a heart that feels deeply for her sisters. So it

was with my mother. She learned the arts of nursing and midwifery, and for love's sake only, with scarcely ever a reward, she alleviated the sorrows of women, and saved their children from sickness and death. Well was she named Hedipa. She brought comfort, and the character of her work and the devotion of her life to it ennobled her mind and made her a willing convert to the Christian faith when she first heard from my honored friend and teacher here tonight of Him who 'carried our sorrows' and 'was acquainted with grief.' When after three years I returned to the reservation from school I sought for this mother, only to find her resting in the moments of dying in the inexpressible comfort from the presence of the 'Lover of her soul.'

"It was most natural that, by my frequent presence with my mother in these hogans of the sick, I should learn to pity them and seek to aid them. The early bent of my mind appeared when I learned how white people bear one another's sufferings; how they lift burdens from the weak; how, by remedies and skillful nursing, they heal the sick.

"I bethought me of doing for my Navajos as I had seen them serve their own. Especially would I try to save Navajo womanhood from its degradation, its despair, and the quick inroads of disease by administering to my sisters the comforts with which you surround yours.

"Dear friends, the Navajo woman is worth saving. She has a peculiar place among her people.

God has given her the spirit of industry, of prudence, of kindness and of perseverance. She is the stronger mind among her people by reason of these very traits. She is the provider and conductor of her home.

"The Navajo man has his place, but it is oftener that of a boarder and an ornament than as a column of strength to the household. He is great in councils, and in entertainments for his people. His legs are strong for dancing, and his jaws are mighty for talking and eating. He has a heart that is brave for fighting, but a hand that is weak for working.

"But the fault lies in his traditions rather than in his natural abilities. Tradition has been kind to the Navajo man's conscience as to the necessity of toil. Tradition has established his dignity and made the woman the chief sustainer of it and the manager and shaper of his simple household.

"The Navajo, therefore, does not condemn himself in this his ornamental position any more than the well-dressed sentinel who stands as guard, simply stands at the gate of your dwelling, or as the policeman who makes his beat from one street corner to another, clothed with authority and absent for an emergency. To the Navajo man, however, the emergency seldom comes now, for we have to be at peace with the white man and have no near Indian neighbors; consequently, he cannot be blamed for waiting in idleness, since neither his traditions nor the American nation have thus far taught him better.

"When the school, my friends, shall have awakened to his consciousness the manhood of labor, of providing for the family, of giving comforts to the sick and caring for the weak, and of improving himself and his nation, the Navajo man will be found as efficient as are often your sons, when, reduced from wealth and ease to the necessity of toil, they take foremost places in business and professions.

"We all need education. The United States government began to educate its Indian wards by choosing rather the sons than the daughters. But the Apache mother shapes the character of her sons. She, not the father, by better-cooked food and better-designed clothing and the comforts of a cabin, however rough it may be, can make her boy unwilling to go back to the hogan and the blanket.

"Happily, the Navajo mother has by tradition and by nature the right of influence, and of determining the economies of the home. The Navajo is of one race with the Apache—the wildest and most savage Apache. Let us try a few arts of living which you can teach us, and we shall easily assume the customs of a higher-bred people. Let the Navajo woman become like yourselves, honored hearers, so far as you have become what you are by education.

"The Navajo woman is wifely in her taste and in her morals. She would ever be faithful to the love of one husband and to the care of her children. She is progressive. She learns through quick perceptions the qualities which women like yourselves

possess. She is religious. The Shamans have strongest hold on her through her faithful worship of the nature god of the Navajos and her fear of the spirits of the air, but they rule the Navajo men through their love of idleness.

"The Navajo woman is diligent. She raises the wool which she weaves into clothing for her tribe. She is influenced by kindness, and does not forget the hands that have ministered to her, especially in her suffering.

"My friends, you are indeed Christians in your charities. This beautiful land, these great cities where we live are full of the works of those who love their kind for the orphan, for the aged, for the sick. But there are many, for whom I plead, so far off that they have no helpers. No eye that pities sees them; no hand that is skilled saves them by its ministering. You have true sympathy for work that will permanently change and raise your fellow men to something like your own high position among those who call this beautiful earth their home. I pray you, therefore, to consider such an opportunity as I may, though unworthily, open to you for your disinterested, your purely unselfish charity.

"In the Cañon de Chelly, the home of my childhood, there is a beautiful meadow a mile long and half a mile wide. It is surrounded by massive cliffs whose peaks rise in curious shapes above the cañon walls. A stream of pure water runs through it, fed by springs in the farther end of the gorge. Its air

is that of an elevation of three thousand feet above the sea. It is dry and pure and healthful, and this valley is sheltered from high winds and blinding sandstorms which prevail on the mesas above it.

"I have the permission of the government at Washington, obtained by our honored Bishop, of founding on an island-like elevation in the midst of this valley a hospital which shall be a house of comfort for the women and children of my people. This plateau is in a location central to the great Navajo reservation, and the Cañon de Chelly at the seasons of planting and harvesting of crops and fruits is always populous.

"One of your skilled architects has planned for us this building for the hospital. It can be erected by the aid of willing Navajos and a few skilled American workmen for ten thousand dollars. It will be a permanent structure with every needed convenience. Two thousand dollars will equip the hospital. Then five thousand dollars yearly will maintain it as a free shelter for the sick, to whom I will devote my medical services and also superintend the trained nurses who have already offered their invaluable coöperation in this Christian enterprise.

"We are assured of protection from the honorable Commissioner of Indian Affairs and the honorable Secretary of War, who will station a detachment of soldiers at Chin-a-li whenever there shall be need. With the favor of the President himself, who has made every department at Washington

friendly to my purpose; with the Christian counsels of my beloved and honored Bishop, who will be the responsible trustee of the funds provided by good people, I make my humble plea to you tonight for my own, for Christ's little ones, for the poor and ignorant, the sorrowing and helpless in my native land!"

As Eulalia ceased a genuine applause came from the guests, but all remained in their seats as if bound by the spell of a good angel's presence and voice speaking to them of heaven-born charity.

The silence grew oppressive. The Bishop stepped forward and asked if there was anyone who wished to make response to this young woman's words.

"Yes," said a lady of striking presence and influence, "I think our hearts are all touched by this story of women's and children's need, and by the devotion of this life of no ordinary powers to their salvation. I would like to be one of this company tonight who will build that house of shelter and comfort to the sick in that beautiful spot. There are a hundred willing and able women here who can do this Samaritan work to begin the redemption of a nation from barbarism. I will speak for ten of these women and pledge one thousand dollars."

"And I," said another, "will speak for twenty and pledge two thousand dollars."

"I will speak for five and pledge five hundred dollars."

"I will speak for twenty and pledge two thousand dollars."

"I," said a young woman from the farther part of the company, "will speak for myself and pledge two hundred and fifty dollars."

"And I," said another near her, "for my husband and myself, will give five hundred dollars."

Then came voices from men and women for sums of one hundred, fifty, and five hundred dollars, until the ten thousand dollars was pledged and the names passed up with their cards to the Bishop.

The amazed and grateful girl had at first joined in the enthusiasm that the larger subscriptions had excited among the guests, but when one and another rose to make their pledges, and the amount rapidly increased, Eulalia's smiles were turned to tears of gratitude, and she hid her face on the shoulder of Mrs. Redford.

In a few moments she recovered her self-control and rose to bow to the audience when the Bishop announced the completion of the subscription.

"My friends," said the Right Reverend Bishop of New Mexico, "it would have been nothing extraordinary for one to secure the investment of ten thousand dollars in good railroad stocks from this company, but it is of God that you have given so freely tonight. 'Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power.'

"I am happy to say that already the auxiliary societies of an Eastern diocese have put into my hands a sum sufficient to equip this building as the originator has planned, and I pledge for them two thousand dollars."

Then Redford told briefly the story of Hedipa's trusting soul as it passed to a better world, and a hymn was sung before the Bishop gave the benediction.

As the guests were dispersing, a gracious woman in deep mourning, in whose face shone benevolence in combination with great good sense, addressed Eulalia:

"Will you promise me a week at my country home in Whitby on the Hudson River after September first?"

The Bishop turned toward her as Eulalia hesitated at the stranger's request.

"Why, my dear Mrs. Sansom, you have maintained this evening more self-restraint than I ever knew you before to possess when any good work was to be done!"

"Yes, Bishop, but this little woman pulled too hard at my heartstrings for me to speak."

"Eulalia, you will find a good friend in this dear lady. Give her all the time she wants from you."

"I shall gladly follow where you lead me," Eulalia replied, turning quickly to the lady, "and will be most happy to be with you, madam."

There was unspeakable joy in Oldham Cottage that night. There was joy among the angels.

CHAPTER XX

A GODSPEED

Captain Nelson wisely kept himself from observation in that parlor assembly on Sunday evening. This he could do easily, for the room was crowded to the doors. But he listened with a throbbing heart. He was astonished at the entire forgetfulness of self in Eulalia's address. It was free from apparent effort to command attention, and yet riveted every eye upon the speaker with a response to it by the company which conclusively showed the power of its direct and simple speech. Eulalia's personal traits doubtless contributed much to its effect. It was a truthful expression of her nature. The arguments were hidden in her statement of facts, and her humor and pathos were mingled with sincere respect for those who listened and those for whom she pleaded.

Nelson was proud of his betrothed as her address thus revealed her ability, her acquirements, her sincerity and her personal beauty in a new light. He was prouder still that she was true and loyal to her birth and had not been alienated from her nation and kindred by her education, nor in her conceit despised them because they were lowly and ignorant. While her Christian faith was sincere and powerful, its transformation of her character left her still one

with them. In his heart he praised her single-minded devotion. He saw her going before him in her efforts for their people, but he acquiesced in that with a genuine admiration of her ability to do so, and secretly rejoiced that his own plans would give fullest effect to her undertakings.

This first week of bethrothal had ennobled each by the consciousness not only of a true and strong love, but with the sense that they were both working with God for the redemption of his children.

"Eulalia," said the Bishop on Monday morning, "what will you do now with this money that is pledged for your hospital?"

"I will go at once to prepare the way for its erection as soon as the funds shall be placed in your hands."

"But how can you do this alone?"

"I will go back to spend the winter at the agency, and personally meet my kinsfolk. Can I not get appointed as assistant physician to the agency?"

"I will make a personal appeal to the Commissioner for you, if that is desirable."

"A winter thus passed with my people, and with whatever skill I can command in my practice, will win their confidence and favor."

"Will you make known your purpose to them?"

"By all means. With the authority and duties of my position I shall be safe from the Shamans' wrath, and I may gradually find the men who will aid me in gathering materials for the building. Early in the spring, "Eulalia continued, "if you

will get the Department to survey and appropriate the land, I will be ready to begin building. In one year from now we shall be ready to receive our patients. Alas! I know too well how soon we shall be straightened to accommodate and care for them all."

The Bishop perceived with pleasure Eulalia's forethought and ability to direct her affairs.

The party left Oldham Cottage on Wednesday. Though the stage was driven to the hotel steps at an early hour, many guests were standing on the veranda to bid them good-bye. Eulalia's departure, through the favor she had so quickly won, excited unusual interest. As she was descending the steps two gentlemen accosted her, and urged her to accept in behalf of the men who had listened to her a purse to aid in her personal expenses while preparing for her building. It contained a hundred gold double eagles.

In a few grateful words she sent her warmest thanks to the donors for their timely gift, and in her excitement climbed to the highest seat on the coach. Not a few tears were dropped amid the waving of handkerchiefs for the girl who had come like an angel of mercy among them, and many a deep "God bless you!" was heard as the coach moved off and disappeared in the turn of the road beneath the trees.

Eulalia's resignation of her position at the hospital in New York brought to her mingled regrets and congratulations, and one or two of the nurses

begged her to send for them as soon as she could use their services.

Mrs. Sansom received her guest at Whitby with a tenderness that showed the deep impression already made upon her. She was a widow left with a large property and two children. Her son, physically strong, had honored in his college course his father's reputation as a successful merchant, but her daughter's health had failed, and only during the last winter she had died, leaving her mother inconsolable.

"Miss Lawton," said her friend one day, "I have looked forward to this visit with the hope that you would make clear to me the way to fulfill a sacred trust. You have won my own and my son's respect and confidence by your loveliness of character and by your clear views of how your plans are to be accomplished. Your success in your medical profession, I am told, is assured in whatever position you choose to use your gifts and acquirements; but I am sure that in your own character you bear the seal of God's favor as a chosen instrument of elevating and blessing your nation. My daughter's estate was left to me to be devoted especially to the relief of suffering. The income of one hundred thousand dollars is available for this purpose during my lifetime. Then the principal can be given in trust to the worthiest and most efficient object which it has aided. I felt during your address it might be most wisely used by your hands, and both my son and myself are glad to offer the entire income for five years to maintain your hospital work among the

Navajos. If it shall become permanently established, the principal will be given at my decease, in trust to the church or to the government, for its continued support. Will you accept me, therefore, dear Miss Lawton, as a life partner in your ministrations by the means I will confide to you from my daughter's estate? While I live it shall be held in trust for the Hedipa Hospital in Cañon de Chelly, and as the Helen Sansom Endowment Fund when I am gone."

Eulalia was silent as the full meaning of this offer unfolded itself to her mind. In her soul was the surprise of faith, the conscious effort to express her boundless gratitude to her benefactor, the solemn sense of the Divine Spirit coworking with her. Then she impulsively threw herself at Mrs. Sansom's feet, and with the guilelessness of a child looked up into her face with speechless love.

"God knows," at length she said, "how my heart has been drawn to you while I have been under your roof. I have thought of nothing like this when I have hoped you would yet show your sympathy with my cherished object, but I am overwhelmed with the sense of my Saviour's love in this request of yours. He tells me by it that I am his child, his servant, but he makes me feel also that I must walk through some great sorrow to perfect my work for him. Yet I will follow whithersoever he leads. My heart is full of the joy of faith fulfilled that my purpose is also his. How I shall love you always, dear Mrs. Sansom, always, for joining by such a gift the name that is dearest to you with that of my mother!"

Mrs. Sansom held in tenderest embrace Eulalia's clinging form, around which she had cast her arms in making this gift. Then she kissed her brow and said cheerily through her tears:

"My dear girl, I will make my gift known to your Bishop, to whom I have already confided my thoughts; and my son, who is in full accord with me, has promised to have the necessary legal papers made, that your mind may be at rest and you may have the hearty coöperation of the government."

"Thank you, dear Mrs. Sansom, beyond all words of gratitude. Dearer than your gifts even will be the assurance of your constant love and prayers that I may have the wisdom which is from above."

The next week Captain Nelson returned to Hampton, and the Bishop of New Mexico went with Eulalia to Washington to perfect arrangements with the Indian Bureau. The Commissioner and the Secretary of the Interior willingly acceded to the suggestion that Dr. Lawton be appointed as agency physician at Fort Defiance in place of the incumbent, who had already applied to be transferred to a vacancy in the Pine Ridge agency. Their ready consent was easily given, for the humane projects of the Bishop and his *protégée* were not in conflict with the government policy of educating all its Indian pupils.

Eulalia's acquirements and successful medical record had also been carefully investigated and approved. Her personal attractions confirmed the judgment already formed that, as an educated

woman of her tribe, she had special fitness to accomplish a work which would inevitably be in conflict with the traditions and system of Shamanism in her tribe. The question was now fully considered how to make this effort an eminent success with the unobtrusive protection of the army.

It was decided that orders should be given to the general commanding the Department of New Mexico and Arizona to afford all needed protection at any and all times at his discretion to those engaged in the conduct of hospital work among the Navajos. Similar orders were issued to the agent of the Navajos by the Commissioner of the Indian Bureau.

Eulalia begged permission to call upon the President, and one evening he sent to her a note requesting her to come to the White House, and after kind inquiries about herself and tribe the President gave her this message to them, to use always when it would further her projects:

"Tell them that I am sorry for their sufferings; that I wish them to improve their lives by diligent labor and following the example of good men; and that I show my earnest care for them by sending back to them you, yourself, one of their own children, to heal them and teach them how to keep themselves and their children healthy and happy."

With a light heart Eulalia returned with the Bishop to New York. In two weeks she parted with the loved family of her benefactor and was speeding on her way to her distant charge, with their heartiest blessings.

CHAPTER XXI

A BROKEN PLEDGE

THE members of the Committee on Indian Appropriations of the House of Representatives were sitting, in the easiest positions they could find, in their committee room in the Capitol at Washington one morning in January. Mr. Elton, their chairman, had represented his state during many terms of Congress, and his commendations of any proposition had great weight with the committee. When, therefore, he introduced to them Mr. Redford, as a friend who had long experience with some of the Apache tribes, who were among the largest and most difficult of all for whom Congress had to legislate, unusual attention was given to this gentleman's statements.

Redford referred in his introduction to the obligations of the United States to provide schools and other helps to civilization by the treaty of 1868 with the Navajos.

"This treaty," he stated, "was made when industrial education in its present efficiency and extent and variety of trades and occupations was not thought of for our own children, much less for the Indian wards of the government, or for the colored population of the South."

Then he quoted the requirements of this treaty:

"'The Navajos shall compel their children, male and female, between the ages of six and sixteen years to attend school, and it is hereby made the duty of the agent for said Indians to see that this stipulation is strictly complied with; and the United States agrees that for every thirty children between said ages, who can be induced or compelled to attend school, a house shall be provided; and a teacher competent to teach the elementary branches of an English education shall be furnished, who will reside among said Indians, and faithfully discharge his or her duties as a teacher.'

"The provisions of this article were to continue ten years. So discreet and experienced an official of the government as General W. T. Sherman had signed this treaty, convinced of its propriety and justice and need. The obligation of the government had been but partially fulfilled by the erection of one schoolhouse and the maintenance of a school at the Fort Defiance agency in the reservation.

"Progress in education in this country had shown a better way to elevate an ignorant and savage tribe than to teach them the elements of the English language. The separation of the pupils from the immediate influences of the hogan and their idle parents, and placing them in large schools which combined many advantages, was now believed to be the most effective. These were furnished also with the tools and implements for manual training suited to raise them from their low conditions. With these are careful instructors in the simpler handicrafts of

carpentering, shoemaking, tailoring, turning, painting, wood carving and furniture making, and machinist's work in blacksmithing and wagon making and harness work, with varieties of vegetable gardening, fruit and flower culture, and farming and stock raising. The instructions for girls are of more domestic kinds, such as housekeeping, cooking, sewing, dairy work, weaving, spinning and some higher cultivation of their industrial tastes, in music and other arts.

"Thus a practical education for peoples of low culture or barbarism was in less direct approach to the mental faculties than in ordinary conditions of civilization. The fingers, the hands, the muscles of the body generally should first be educated and the inventive powers called forth, before the faculties which encourage physical indolence were aroused by wasting most of the school hours in teaching reading, spelling and writing of English, arithmetic and the keeping of accounts, which are best taken up as a recreation or as the necessity of their manual occupations required. Their moral and religious training ought to be in the simplest principles of virtue and piety, and taught by practical example and observation of their needs in the higher life into which they are daily being introduced by the occupations and associations with one another."

Having rapidly presented these ideas in a few direct and simple words, Redford said:

"Gentlemen, I have come to ask you today to insert in the bill for Indian appropriations fifty thou-

sand dollars for the establishing and erection and furnishing of buildings of an industrial school at Chin-a-li. I am convinced that it will do more to raise that tribe of seventeen thousand or eighteen thousand savages from barbarism than ten times the amount which has been expended in other ways.

"And, gentlemen, I have brought with me by permission of your honored chairman, to urge this request, one whose arguments may justly affect you more than my own. He is a full-blooded Navajo, the son of one of the Navajo chiefs, and an example in himself of the remarkable capacity of his tribe and of their fitness for a practical manual education as well as for the development of the higher faculties. Allow me to present to you the Commandant of Hampton College, Virginia, and Superintendent of the Saxton Industrial Building in that institution —Captain Edward Nelson."

The attention of the committee was at once aroused. They had heard in several ways of this remarkable pupil and instructor, whose origin had been in one of the most savage tribes in this country.

Nelson's manly figure and bearing impressed them as he rose to speak. He said:

"Gentlemen, it would ill become me to attempt to convince you or persuade you by any of the arts of the advocate to make this proposed appropriation. You are yourselves eminent as pleaders on the floors of Congress and to the citizens of your states. I should be unequal to your arguments if you opposed me. I would not assume to discuss a policy of legis-

lation to which you are opposed, or to show reasons for opinions I may hold that differ from yours, because we have not the same point of view. You represent the dominant white people of this great country. I come from an aboriginal race, and I represent tribes that have the worst record of savage warfare in this land for the last twenty-five or thirty years.

"I wish only to state to you, gentlemen, in accordance with the present adopted policy of the government, the reasons why so large a sum as fifty thousand dollars should be appropriated for an industrial school for the Navajos.

"I am a Navajo. Moved by the words of Mr. Redford, I left my tribe when I was eighteen years of age to obtain an education in the East. As the son of one of the Navajo chiefs, I was permitted to hear what was said in the frequent consultations of the principal men of the tribe, so that I might be ready to follow my father as a chief.

"There were two parties among them, one whom you would call conservatives and the other radicals. Most of the tribe belonged to the conservatives, clinging to all our traditions and customs and jealous of yielding to the influences of the white people. To this prejudice and opposition they are constantly incited by the Shamans, or medicine men.

"I am concerned to tell you to what they most object, for in this is my plea for the proposed institution at Chin-a-li.

"First: To the change from the hogan to the cabin or house. This, they say, would make the young men disinclined to roam about the reservation, which naturally diverts a mind that would seek knowledge. It would make them want articles convenient to use in the houses, and to provide these the men would have to cultivate more ground and to raise larger crops or larger flocks of sheep and herds of horses and cattle. It would change their food, for with the fireplace or stove comes better-cooked food to be eaten on tables with knives and forks, plates and spoons and cups, and the food thus cooked and eaten would disgust them with the coarse food to which they had been accustomed in the hogan life.

"Second: They are opposed to the use of tools. Warriors and hunters, whose occupation teaches them how to use only the bow or knife or rifle, would soon fall into discredit before the men who could do so much with tools. They are opposed to farming implements, for these make possible the crops which wars disturb and destroy, so that they lead to peace with the white men and furnish the industrious farmer with food and clothing that the idle must either beg or steal. The use of tools in shops and in farming gives a desire for the knowledge in books and papers where their uses are explained. But they do not fear so much the use of books without manual or industrial education, for it is sometimes serviceable to the tribe in their trades and intercourse with the frontiersmen to know how

to read, and it has little effect on the idleness of reservation life.

"Third: They are bitterly opposed to change in their religion, which would rob the Shamans of their power over the tribe and of their support. It would destroy their dances and amusements, which have more or less of a religious character, and promote the power of the Shamans. The radical or progressive part of the tribe secretly despise Shamanism, and see the benefits to themselves and their children from living like the white people. They feel as the chief of another tribe once said here in Washington: 'We have nowhere on earth to go, and the Indians all realize it at last. Our hope is to learn the secrets of greatness and success from the white man, and gradually to get the power which he has of getting great things out of the soil.'

"I need not explain to you, gentlemen, the advantages of an industrial school. They are now accepted by the Americans as of the largest value in the education of a nation like yours, whose resources of earth and soil are almost unlimited. The industrial training of the Indian tribes is the first step to their civilization and to becoming American citizens.

"The facilities of location for the proposed school for the Navajos are the most advantageous in the reservation. Chin-a-li is the center of the country where most of the Navajos roam. They frequently come to the Cañon de Chelly. From this cañon flows an unfailing stream. Its numerous rincons are fertile places that for centuries have been culti-

vated. With massive and high walls on three sides, they need only a fourth wall of masonry to be built across their openings to become a series of inexhaustible reservoirs for irrigation and mechanical purposes. Below Chin-a-li is an extended plain of fertile land upon which much corn is now raised that can be made to support a large population by such irrigation and give opportunity for training the pupils in good methods of cultivating their land. It can be divided into farms assigned to them by the recent severalty law and become their permanent habitation.

"In the mountains near by are forests of pine and of oak and mineral wealth of iron, zinc, lead, silver and gold. This has been jealously guarded and concealed from white men. The minerals used in mechanical arts are nearly all found somewhere in the reservation. Cotton can be raised there, and semi-tropical fruits produced from the soil of the valleys.

"From the simpler arts my people can be led up to a higher state of culture, and not only their own wants supplied, but, by the railroad already built on the boundaries of their reservation, commerce with other parts of the Southwest can be established.

"The capacity of my people for industrial pursuits is proved by those few which they have with rude contrivances undertaken. There are silversmiths, blacksmiths and weavers among them already. They naturally incline to be herders and farmers. They are content only with having the best weapons for war, and in all parts of the reservation have

Winchester rifles. I know that the three thousand warriors of the tribe have arms and ammunition stored for use in case of war, in places carefully hid from the knowledge of the white men.

"If taught in the arts of peace, they will become an element for developing Arizona and New Mexico instead of a hindrance to this, as the Apache tribes have been hitherto, provoked to war against Americans by the cruelties and encroachments of white settlers and ranchmen.

"Gentlemen, I could urge the considerations of self-interest and the obligations of the United States government to give just and humane treatment to their Indian wards and to a people like mine, now cursed by ignorance, superstition and barbarism; but these thoughts belong rather to your own enlightened minds."

When Captain Nelson sat down he was requested to put his remarks in writing for the further deliberation of the committee.

. . . . . .

The Indian Appropriation Bill when passed by the House of Representatives included these items:

For the establishment and erection of buildings and equipment of an industrial school at Chin-a-li in the Navajo reservation.....	$50,000
For the support of 100 pupils in the institution for one (1) year.....	16,000
For the salaries of a superintendent and five industrial teachers.....	9,000
	$75,000

. . . . . .

It was Friday morning of the last week in February when Redford arrived in Washington, and, taking up the daily paper at the breakfast table in his hotel, saw the report of the Senate Committee on Indian Appropriations, omitting the Chin-a-li Industrial School and inserting another to be founded at Toltec Cañon, Colorado, with an appropriation of $25,000. The bill, as reported by the committee, was to be brought up for a vote immediately.

Redford hastened to the Capitol. He found in the corridor the chairman of the Senate committee, and asked the reason of the substitution.

"It has been done at the request of the Secretary of the Interior," he replied.

"Is there no way in which the Chin-a-li School can be restored?" asked Redford.

"I don't know," said the Senator with an incredulous smile, "whether the Senate will reverse the final report of their committee. It is not usual."

"Dear sir," said Redford earnestly, "will you, who have known so well the needs of this tribe and been a consistent friend of Indian education so long, now withhold your opposition if the matter comes up for discussion?"

"I must stand by my own report, Mr. Redford. I should be glad, however, to see your project adopted, but it is hardly possible."

Redford's heart quailed for a moment. His adversaries were indeed strong, and it seemed improbable that he could get the action of the committee

reversed. But he had not faced the foes of humanity and religion for so many years in vain. This was the fight of faith, and he would at least use his weapons to the last. He hurried to the room of the temporary President of the Senate, with whom he was acquainted, and happily found him as he was leaving it to enter the Senate Chamber.

"Will you kindly give me five minutes for counsel in a matter to be acted upon today in the Senate?"

"Certainly, my dear sir. Come into my room," and he opened the door.

The case was stated by Redford with an intensity that needed but few words.

"You can only have that appropriation reinstated by a special motion of the Senate, and by a special vote. It is not probable that you will succeed," said the official of the Senate.

"Can you not give me your advocacy of it in a few words, Senator," said Redford, the more bold because of the discouraging reply of counsel that had behind it the experience of the longest service of all the Senators.

"That will be impossible, gladly as I would aid you. But your part of the bill will not be reached until Monday. You will have time to enlist the aid of Senators by your personal influence, if you care to try to save your institution."

"Two days and a half," exclaimed Redford, "to turn the Senate of the United States to my support!" and warmly thanking its chief officer for his counsel he withdrew.

Redford had a friend of earlier days in the Senate who was a well-known champion of education and human progress in Congress. He sent his card to him into the Senate Chamber, and was, after some delay, encouraged to see his old friend approaching him in the lobby.

"Will you second the motion for the restoration of the Chin-a-li appropriation, Senator, and will you support it by a speech?"

"You may certainly depend upon me, Redford, for that. Who will make the motion?"

"I have had the promise of a Senator from the West that he would help me. I will go to him."

"Get him to pledge his prompt action when it comes up, and give me some facts written down briefly to use, when I speak," said this Senator from the East.

In an interview the influential Senator from the West gave his promise, but he was not an old friend. "Will he be a true one?" asked Redford to himself as he turned away.

Then, having gone to another member of the Senate and prayed for his ready support, he began to enlist votes, one by one. Night and day he worked, seeking Senators at their residences, on their way to the Capitol, in the Senate lobbies, at the hotels and urging willing supporters to influence others whose votes they could carry.

Redford had made a list of every name with which he had any association, or for whose state he had rendered any service in his past life. To

each he applied for aid. The delegate of his territory in the House, who had there rendered invaluable service to this bill, was an efficient ally in moving upon Senators of his own party.

By Monday noon, when the session of the Senate began, every name on Redford's list had been solicited for a vote, and everything possible had been done. Then only did Redford cease his efforts. He was sitting in the gallery of the Senate when paragraph 206 for the establishment of the Chin-a-li Industrial School was reached, and the Senate amendment that it be stricken out was read.

"There being no objection," said the temporary President of the Senate, "the report of the committee is—"

It was a critical moment. The Senator who should have made the motion to reinsert the item is silent. His word is broken. The honorable Senator from the West has succumbed to the influence of the Cabinet officer.

The moment of recovery is passing. A friend indeed is the friend of past years. He rises and with a loud voice makes the motion that the item remain in the bill. It is seconded by another Senator, who had also been prepared for someone's failure.

Then followed half an hour's discussion. The chairman of the Committee on Indian Appropriations gave a half-hearted support to his report, and the vote was called for *viva voce*. It was declared at once by the presiding officer as lost.

A division was called for and resulted in a vote

of forty-two to thirty-six in favor of the Chin-a-li appropriation.

"We have it," said the Senator who had so valiantly defended Redford's cause. "There is no need of the yeas and nays."

Redford bowed his head in speechless thanks. To his faith a Higher Power had brought the victory, and the morning of redemption was now dawning on that distant reservation where barbarism had ever held undisputed sway.

III

CHAPTER XXII

NIZENNI

"When will Nizenni come! Oh, See-sla! I have waited long, and my heart within me is like a stone."

"Nizenni will make it light and send away the evil spirit that crushes you down. She is wonderful, Chay-way. Her laugh is like summer. It is always bright and warm when she is near."

"Oh, Wi-jee, do not let the horrid Shaman touch me, then. Keep him away from me till Nizenni sees me. What will she do for me?"

"Chay-way, Nizenni, with her tiny powders, will make your poor head quiet its pain and give you sleep."

"But, See-sla, there are many miles to travel and the dark cañon to pass. When did she start from the agency?"

"Villarde left there at midday. He said Nizenni's horse was saddled and waiting, but three women were keeping her with stories of their pain, and one came with her boy's arm broken just as she was ready to start. She turned two sick men over to her assistant in the office, who talks with the men and gives them medicine, but the boy she would not leave, Villarde said, until his arm was made straight and bound up with sticks and hung in a scarf from his neck."

"But, See-sla, will Nizenni come all alone?"

"No, Chay-way, two Navajo police will guard her through the cañon, for it will be long after midnight before she can reach this cabin. Now try again to sleep, Chay-way. Wi-jee will wake you when Nizenni comes."

With a moan the sick woman turned upon her low couch of Navajo blankets. Her face was flushed with fever, and her head seemed ready to split with its pain. For three days it had been intolerable after a week of misery, from which the simple remedies of her nurse had given her but little relief.

Ere long Chay-way sunk into a stupor. The watcher stepped softly away, and stood outside of the cabin door listening keenly to the sounds of the night. Then from a heap of piñon boughs broken into fragments she took an armful, and carried it to a ledge thirty or forty yards away from the cabin. From this she looked over the dark valley below. She was motionless for five minutes; not a breath of air stirred, but she was peering intently into the darkness. Then she suddenly turned and lighted the wood. Its white flame darted up into the sky. A distant whoop responded to the signal, and Wi-jee returned with a smile of satisfaction to the cabin, threw a pitchy stick of piñon on the coals in the fireplace, and watched the face of the sleeper.

The sick woman was about twenty-three years old, and beneath her fevered skin one could trace lines and features of more delicate shape than is usual in the Navajo face. Her hair was long, lying loosely over her shoulders and partly covering her

forehead; one shapely hand rested on the red blanket with fingers tapering from the small palm that joined a slight wrist. Her form, extended on the couch, seemed to be tall and slender, unlike the Navajo women. Her lips were parted in her sleep and her mind was wandering.

"Father," she said in clear English, "send me the friend I loved so well at the school. She can help me. Quick, father! I am sinking in this sand and the water is coming over me." Then in her delirium she said other words in Navajo.

Chay-way was the daughter of an officer of the army who had left her with the Navajo mother until she was old enough to be taken away to school. When she returned to the reservation from the distant school at San Gabriel her mother was dead and her father was far away, stationed at a post in southern Arizona, and yet his care over Chay-way continued still, for he had been strangely fond of his child. Through the agent of the Navajos he had secured a kind companion and protector for her in a Navajo woman whose husband had assisted the post trader at Ganado Mucho ranch till he was shot in an Indian brawl.

Wi-jee and Chay-way wrought at weaving blankets for their support, and their many fanciful patterns made their work always salable and the admiration of the Navajos. Their cabin was built of pine slabs with bark undisturbed, obtained at a distant steam sawmill erected in the center of a mesa thickly grown with pines from forty to sixty

feet high, where lumber had been sawed for the needs of a railroad that had been recently constructed through that part of Arizona.

The house had been designed by Chay-way's father, and built by his orders under the direction of the agent at Fort Defiance. It was of simple but tasteful shape, and framed with timber in a substantial way by an American carpenter. It had four rooms, in three of which were large fireplaces. The other room was the kitchen, where also their table was spread, and was furnished with a small stove and a few utensils for cooking. A workroom adjoined this where were two rude looms and some other implements of their craft. In the two rooms on the other side of the house were two small beds and a couch now occupied by the sick girl, who was protected from the cold by the ample fire on the hearth. Their front room was not commonly used, but its floors were spread with rugs, and finer blankets of choice weaving and design hung upon the walls, lighting and enriching them with their colors, in the midst of which were two or three spirited engravings. A table and a few chairs were its only furniture, but on the mantel were some fine pieces of Moqui ware and two china vases and candlesticks of brass which were the daughter's most prized mementos of her parents and had belonged to her mother. In all the rooms the rafters were visible above, but the roof was specially distinguished from all the other cabins on the reservation by being covered with shingles.

It was a humble home, but one where two simple-hearted women toiled and lived in remembrance of lessons learned in youth among white people. Chay-way had not forgotten how to read the small books which she had brought from San Gabriel, but she had evidently cherished more than all others a prayer book that lay upon the little stand by her bed with her father's name written in it.

The cabin was built near the edge of the mesa, and commanded a wide view of a neighboring cañon and plain below it. Two or three hogans and a smaller cabin were not more than a hundred rods from it, occupied by other Navajo families. In a ravine between them was a small stream that was fed by a spring at the foot of a rocky bluff above the hogans. This water, a rare occurrence on these mesas, had determined the site of Chay-way's cabin and the huts not yet transformed into modern dwellings.

Half an hour had passed since the piñon flame had shed its gleams down the rocky sides of the mesa. The older occupant of the cabin was restless and anxious. She went out again in the darkness and listened. The sound of horses' hoofs were now distinct, and as Wi-jee waited they galloped up to the door of the cabin and stopped.

A woman quickly dismounted, and her two guards led her horse away to the ravine.

Nizenni entered the front room, led by Wi-jee, who held her hand in mute thankfulness that she had come at her urgent call these weary miles. As

she came into the light of the fire she turned and looked admiringly into the face of the young doctor, and fervently repeated the endearing term with which Chay-way had been addressing her ere she sunk into her stupor.

"See-sla, my sister, you are very beautiful, you are very good. Everyone has said this, but now I know it."

Nizenni threw off her waterproof and stood before the fire for a few moments with her medicine case in her hand. A face expressive of kindly spirit was revealed by the soft white light of the piñon wood. Her dark eye gleamed with love and intelligence. There was dignity in the brow and strength in the firm chin and thin lips; grace in the round cheeks; authority and strong purpose in the pose of the head and the attitude of that form. She was clothed in a dark gray-checked dress and a black sacque which fitted closely to her shoulders. The skirt of her dress reached to her ankles, which, with her small feet, were encased in brown leggins and shoes.

Putting her medicine case on the table, Nizenni turned to the Navajo woman and asked, speaking in Navajo:

"How is Chay-way?"

"She is full of fever."

"When was she taken sick?"

"Ten days ago, Nizenni, and she has been growing worse each day."

"Does she take food?"

"No, only water, and a little wet ground maize. She is in great pain and very weak."

"Take me to her," and Nizenni followed the woman to the couch of the patient in the next room.

With practiced eye and hand she examined the sufferer before she was fully awake.

As she took her hand to draw her face more fully into the light Nizenni started.

"Alas!" she said softly, "this is my little friend Maggie. We must make you well quickly," she said, bending over her and stroking the hot brow with a gentle hand. "Maggie, don't you know me?"

There was half a smile on the sick girl's lips. Then she closed her eyes and wandered in her speech, which was Navajo, with now and then an English phrase.

The doctor prepared some remedies, and with the aid of the Navajo woman put Chay-way into bed. Then she sat down to the table, spread with a white cloth and a few plain dishes, and partook of the simple fare that had been neatly set before her. It was late in the night, and the doctor turned to Wi-jee as she rose from the table.

"You have watched long and faithfully," she said. "Your eyes are very heavy, and you must have strength for the days that still must bring you greater care. Go and sleep the rest of this night undisturbed, and leave Chay-way with me. She has the mountain fever, and it soon will turn, to

be relieved or much worse. I will do all that is possible for her. Trust her to me, Wi-jee."

The woman looked gratefully into the face of the doctor and embraced her. Then she turned away and sank upon the bed, falling into a deep slumber from which she did not wake till the next afternoon.

The youthful vigor of the agency physician had been aroused rather than exhausted by the exhilarating ride over the mountain plateau and through the Cañon de Chelly. She was again in her native air, and among scenes which were the more exciting for her long absence at the schools on the Atlantic shores.

She had been received with wonder and with enthusiasm by the progressive party among the Navajos, and with ominous chagrin and resentment from those who resisted the tendencies toward civilization in the tribe. Among these were specially noticeable the Shamans, who shrewdly perceived that this return of an educated Navajo physician, a woman of remarkable presence and strength of character, was the beginning of the end of their already waning influence over their superstitious people.

With ardor and hope, and with a wonderful tact which was aided by her winning beauty of face, quick judgment, and agile movements, she had begun her practice, with the authority of her office easily assumed by her and unquestioned by her people.

From hogan to hogan in that immense reserva-

tion went the news of her arrival, and many a squaw's eye kindled with hope and pride at the sometimes detracting reports of the men who brought the information, which usually was given with hearty praise when carried by women.

One after another the Navajo women found a ready errand to Fort Defiance agency, riding often fifty or a hundred miles to bring their own ailments and the sufferings of their children to the kindly notice of "Nizenni," as Dr. Lawton had been characteristically named from her handsome face and figure. The child name, "Chunda," was forgotten or outgrown. Hedipa's daughter was known to her people by one more expressive title in many a tale of her afterward, when they told, in hogan and cabin and by camp fires in mesa parks or cañons, how Nizenni wrought her wonderful work for her people and suffered for it in her beautiful life. Her name was then spoken with reverence, love and tears, as was that patron saint Eulalia by the people of Spain, whose name she had borne in her later school life and at her Christian baptism.

Nizenni had been unremitting, during the winter months after she came to assume her duties, in her efforts to bind to herself in personal devotion the women of her tribe. Through these she held the favor of many a husband who saw the less serious diseases of his wife or children quickly dispelled, and confidence returning to those who had despaired of restoration and of life itself. Her male assistant, Rodney Winston, was a judicious appointment by

the government. A recent graduate from the Medical School at Harvard University, he was in true sympathy with her plans, admired her energy and skill, and was profoundly impressed with her ingenuous and straightforward character. Assured that, if he wished, he should be her successor in the post of agency physician when Nizenni's main purpose was accomplished, self-interest as well as the strict commands from Washington secured his active and sincere support as a trusty coworker at Fort Defiance when Nizenni made her distant protracted visits over the reservation. These rides were helpful as well as necessary to her influence, for the prevailing fever of these high altitudes was, for some unknown cause, of late years increasingly fatal. The Shamans' magic had been powerless to check it, and the ravages of the disease were alarming and discouraging to the tribe. They believed that only some special deliverance from higher powers could save them, and they moved from plains to the wooded plateaus and from mesas to the cañons in a vain effort to find favor from the spirits of the air and to escape the disease. The human heart, whether in savage or in enlightened conditions, humbled by such afflictions, looks to the supernatural for aid. It often transfigures what is unusual into a weird or divine shape, and surrenders to it pride and the opposition of custom and prejudice.

So the strange history of Nizenni seemed, to many who knew a part of it, a revelation of some divine favor and scheme for their betterment. Her

career and the appointment by the Great Father seemed to have been a thought of the Navajo goddess who especially championed the cause of women of their tribe. "Why should she not have been thus kind to them?" they said. "The selfishness of the Shamans, their brutality and cruelty and their shamming of power over disease, we have long despised"; and they secretly rejoiced now at this their rival's skill and power over the tribe.

The "House of Comfort" that Nizenni in these visits did not fail to describe, and promised should be built for them, was a new sign of the favor of their goddess. It would be a refuge and a resting place for their enfeebled bodies; it would give them an insight into that higher, better living of white people of which now and then they had heard tales or caught glimpses on long rides to the frontier towns.

Nizenni was fast making her way among her people when the shadows of the jealous Shamans and their followers began to flit about her paths. She knew their craft and their power, but she believed also that they would hardly resort to violence when the power of the Great Father at Washington was manifestly sustaining her. The numbers of the Indian police had been increased at the agency. The frequent presence of mounted soldiers from Fort Wingate, in detachments of two or three or even single riders passing in widely separated places through the reservation on some service of engineering or scouting, indicated to the wary hostiles a

watchful regard for the touches of civilization which were extending through their country, in the building of cabins, the cultivation of fields, the hewing of timbers and the sawing of lumber by the steam mills in different localities. So the conservatives and the hostiles cowered in their hogans or flitted at night from place to place where they might consult with one another. There were as yet no startling signs of hostility.

Nizenni was fearless, and often by her exposures of herself in solitary rides to hidden perils won respect. Her trust in higher powers of protection was a sign to the savage of their favor. By a few words to the sick, or a kindly act of healing when no Shaman or spy was near to observe its effect, she bound many a heart to her cause.

So we find her tonight, in the midst of a little cluster of hogans and cabins, watching on this mesa with a friend of her childhood. Tomorrow Nizenni will find other patients to whom in this little community her services will be invaluable.

The thoughts of her distant friends in the far East came to her as she looked on the live embers on the hearth. The faithful and loving remembrance of one dearer now than all the rest, from whom she had received that morning an exultant letter upon the auspicious action of Congress in his own enterprises for the redemption of the Navajos, filled her heart with gratitude. This was no hard service, no hardship to her eager spirit. Its powers were in full exercise, its aims reaching toward an

object that had filled her waking and sleeping hours for many months and years. The cheerful glow of the piñon coals was reflected in her animated face, and her eyes, glistening in the reddish glare of the fire, were brilliant with an inner light. She thought of the grave in the lonely cañon which she had passed that day, where there seemed to have met her the loved spirit of her mother. She was taking up the work she remembered Hedipa so often did as she nursed the sick, but how greatly changed were her surroundings! How differently she herself, with enlightened mind and ready skill, put forth the hand to heal and uttered words to soothe the weary! Ah! but the humbler ministering was yet as tender as hers could ever be. She thanked God for such a heritage, for a treasured memory, for a long-sought opportunity.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE DAUGHTER OF HEDIPA

THE sick girl was sleeping quietly under the influence of the doctor's powders, and did not need close attendance. Nizenni, therefore, drew from the pouch of her saddle, which had been brought into the cabin, a roll of paper. Unfolding it upon the little stand, she lighted a candle and studied the plans and specifications of the hospital, which she had received the day before from the architect, and the contract for its erection, which was signed by a responsible builder in Saint Louis. A letter within this contract conveyed the information that an outfit of mechanics, teams, derricks and other tools, with tents and provisions, would start for the reservation the next week to quarry and dress the sandstone of which the hospital was to be built. The heavier lumber would be cut at the steam mill on the reservation; and the rest, ready fitted and finished at Saint Louis, would be forwarded by railroad, with workmen to complete the building when they should be needed.

Nizenni thoughtfully scanned the plans, and from time to time read a page or two in the specifications. Her eyes grew brighter as the hours of the night thus quickly passed on. Her imagination was filled with the scenes which rose before her. The

enthusiasm of her nature was aroused, and her fancy drew pictures of sufferers in the wards, of convalescents on the portals, of patient Navajo children looking wistfully to her for relief from their pains, as she saw herself passing through the children's ward and the workroom where girls and women would be taught how to provide for the helpless, and in the kitchen where they would learn how to prepare proper nourishment for the different stages of sickness or recovery of invalids.

Nizenni tired at last of thinking, and with the collect upon her lips, "Direct us, O Lord, in all our doings, with thy most gracious favor, and further us with thy continual help," she rested her head upon the little table and slept. But her repose was short, for startled by a knock on the cabin door she rose and looked out of the window nearest to her. The gray twilight of an April morning made the unfamiliar objects appear more strange and filled her with a momentary dread. Then she went softly to the door and listened. There was someone outside walking up and down the short path which led to the cabin. Nizenni opened the door and recognized one of the police guard, who beckoned to her to come outside and then told her that in the ravine nearby were two very sick children whose mothers implored her to come and save them from the dreadful fever which had seized them two days before.

Turning back to her patient, Nizenni saw her still sleeping heavily, and putting on a wrap she picked up her medicine case and softly leaving the house

walked up the ravine. Two women, watching for her approach, came forward joyfully, and taking her by the hand led her quickly to the nearest of the two hogans.

How different the surroundings of these poor children were from those of the cabin! The chill of the morning pervaded the rude structure of mud and saplings slanting together at the top. A fire was burning near the center, and its smoke dimmed the fitful light of the brands. On a pile of piñon twigs, resting on coarser branches beneath and covered with blankets, was a girl of eleven or twelve years, her cheeks flushed and her head tossing from one side to the other on a roll of softer blankets as she moaned with pain.

Nizenni knelt down and listened to her breathing. It betrayed no sign of danger in the lungs, and slightly touching the patient's wrist she stroked the hot brow with her left hand. Then she looked intently for a few moments on the round face of the child and turned with a bright smile to the mother, who stood anxiously watching her countenance. Motioning for her case, she took from it a few tablets, and giving one to the child handed ten or twelve more to the mother, with clearly spoken directions in the Navajo tongue as to their use.

Then the other squaw led her hastily to her own hogan. On a similar rude couch was lying a boy of fourteen. His eyes were no longer bright, and his cheeks were sunken with a pale and yellowish cast, but he looked with wonder at the face bending

over him, while Nizenni asked more questions and prescribed for him. But when she brought light and hope into the mother's eyes by her soothing words the squaw gratefully put her arm on the doctor's shoulder, who looked sadly up to the rude sticks meeting above the little sufferer's head, and shivered as she turned away toward Maggie's cabin.

There she soon entered and, with the aid of a young girl who had followed, made herself a cup of coffee and arranged a breakfast from the contents of the saddlebag which contained her provisions.

Maggie awoke meanwhile with the same high fever and wandering speech as the night before, but she was quieted again after taking a slight nourishment prepared now by Nizenni herself. Then, telling the Indian girl to watch by her, keep the fire burning, and send a boy to call her if she was needed, Nizenni walked far down the ravine, finding two or three more suffering from malarial fevers and one hopeless patient in the last stage of consumption.

CHAPTER XXIV

SHADOWS IN A CLEAR SKY

THE sun of a May morning was shining from the cloudless strip of sky that stretched like a broad blue ribbon over the deep cleft of the Cañon de Chelly, revealing a score of masons and hodmen who were completing the firm stone walls of the "House of Comfort," while the carpenters were preparing to erect the roof rafters and covering the floor beams with planks. The red and yellow sandstone blocks, with lines of black marble along the window copings, gave a variety of color attractive to the eye of the uncultured Navajo, which is contented only with the strongest hues in nature reproduced in his dress, utensils, arms and ornaments. These stone blocks had been quarried in a neighboring rincon, whence, having been already hammered and shaped for their places, they had been dragged to the site of the hospital by Navajo horses which had thus taken their first training in drawing the burdens which civilization lays upon man and beast.

The work thus far had been watched from the crevices and brink of the cañon by groups of Navajo women drawn by curiosity or sympathy, and by not a few men who, having refused to put their hands to the work, had surveyed the progress of the building sitting on their horses day after day and riding

back to their hogans at night to discuss the strange devices and mechanical appliances of modern building.

The manufactured lumber in piles of doors, window blinds, moldings, boxes of hardware and of hospital furniture and appointments, and other material for the furnishing of this building and its preparation for immediate use, were to be seen near the walls, protected only by large canvas covers which were sufficient for the dry season of this country.

As the builders rapidly advanced the framework of the roof, and made fast the flooring and erected the partitions, the masons withdrew to work upon the foundations already laid of a new structure at the entrance of the cañon of much greater extent and plainer design and material. Here the government employees had collected larger supplies of hewn stone, a gray silicious sandstone which had been quarried from cliffs composed of a different formation about two miles distant on the trail to Ganado Mucho ranch as it descends from the mesa to the lower level of the Chelly valley.

The force of mechanics and laborers, now increased to nearly fifty, made speedy work in the erection of the Chin-a-li Industrial School for Boys. A score of stalwart Navajos were employed in the rough work of loading and hauling stone and mixing and carrying mortar.

In three months the walls were ready for the plain work in lumber and in finishing the buildings.

These consisted of the main structure, two and a half stories high, projecting in front and rear beyond the two wings of less height, of which the lower floors were arranged for the various occupations to be taught and the upper rooms appropriated to sleeping rooms. The main building was ordered for the offices and dining rooms, with cooking arrangements in an extension conveniently connected with the refectories.

The building operations were an exciting object lesson to the wondering Navajos, arousing in many of them hope of a new and strange future for their children; but there were dark, repelling faces mingling with the spectators, watching with evil eyes every sign of civilized life thus multiplying before them.

Dr. Lawton became a frequent visitor at the hospital when its design began to unfold rapidly under the labors of the carpenters putting together the prepared materials. Her furniture and hospital appointments and stores were now waiting for the contractor to leave the building in her hands for occupancy, which he was ready to do at the time specified in his contract.

On an afternoon in June, Eulalia arrived at China-li in response to the notice for which she had been patiently waiting. The covered mountain wagon in which she rode was followed by five large freight wagons loaded with the stores and equipment of the Hedipa Hospital. As she drove by the trading post store a group of women hailed her

with admiring smiles, calling her by the names in which she had become endeared to them. A few voices of the older ones addressed her by the child name, which they still cherished, "Chunda!" "Chunda!" but there was a name now dearer to them, which expressed both their pride and affection. "Nizenni!" "Nizenni!" was often upon their lips as she passed them, her strong but beautiful face lighted up with the consciousness of a purpose well-nigh attained and an earnest expectation of accomplishing for her people a merciful relief from their worst sufferings.

But there was mingled with that look of triumph irradiating her countenance a womanly pride and tenderness, for at her side was Captain Nelson, who, in the midst of her arrangements for departure to the Cañon de Chelly, had arrived at Fort Defiance holding a commission from the Interior Department at Washington which gave him ample power as superintendent of construction and Principal of the Chin-a-li Industrial School.

The coöperation of their individual enterprises seemed to be assured and their devotion rewarded in the approaching culmination of their tenderest hope. In that long drive of one hundred and twenty miles from the agency they had given expression to unnumbered wishes and plans which had been waiting for these hours of loving counsel and trust in each other.

As Captain Nelson had looked through his field glass from the bluffs two miles away which skirted

the plain of Chin-a-li, and had descried the walls of the Industrial School covered with busy workmen, he had uttered the long-restrained joy of his soul.

"Eulalia, yonder are my castle walls!" he cried. "The dream of these long years comes true. There my vision takes definite shape and my thoughts will yet be fulfilled when this plain shall be green with fields of maize and dotted with farmhouses and villages. Chin-a-li yonder shall be the center of workshops and mills, where my people shall make whatever they shall need for bright and happy homes clustering around them."

"Your prophecy shall be fulfilled, Edward," said the happy girl at his side. "It is your mission to save. It is mine to comfort and heal. When you have surveyed your rising walls, come up this cañon a little farther and see mine completed."

"Do not think, Eulalia, that I must wait to inspect my castle. It is substantial enough already to bide my greater joy of sharing your delight in entering your own. We will go on together and arrange Hedipa Hospital for its patients before I put a foot upon my own domain."

So they drove swiftly by the school and entered the cañon.

The direct rays of the sun quickly leave the cañon, but its reflected light from the eastern wall, where they now lingered gave a purpling glimmer to the red-tiled roof of the Hedipa Hospital, which rose in strong outline from its plateau in the midst of the

widened gorge before the eyes of the eager travelers as they turned a point from which the bayou of the cañon could be seen. The doors and windows were open to dry the last finish on the walls and the oiled woodwork. Half a dozen Navajo women were standing on the front steps and looking eagerly down the valley, for they had been joyfully listening to the rattling echoes of the wheels as the lumbering freight wagons approached over the stony trails. As they came into sight the women jumped upon their ponies and trotted forward to greet with grateful and reverent glances Nizenni, and as they scanned the features of her companion their eyes glistened with admiration.

The contractor came forward as the party dismounted, and courteously presented to Eulalia the keys of the hospital. They entered the office, while Nelson remained behind to survey the exterior of the building. The formalities were soon finished, and Eulalia promptly called to her aid the willing hands of men and women to unpack the boxes and furniture already removed from the wagons; and before the twilight had settled upon the scene rooms were provided for herself and the two nurses who had accompanied her in the freight wagon. The office was assigned to Captain Nelson, and the rest of the company camped upon the sandy plateau.

The week that followed brought intense satisfaction to Eulalia, though it tested her singularly strong physical and nervous energies. Nelson aided her for a couple of days, and then returned to

Chin-a-li, taking up quarters at the trading post. With woman's tact and skilled hand, assisted by her two trained nurses, Eulalia completed the arrangements of the wards and offices, the surgical and dietary departments. When Nelson returned he inspected with lavish sympathy and praise the forethought and skill manifest in the equipments and arrangements of the wards.

"Eulalia, dear," he said, as they turned to the office and sat down, "this hour crowns your noble purpose with a glory that makes me revere you. My pride in possessing your love is obliterated by the thought of my unworthiness, while I rejoice inexpressibly in the favor you so tenderly bestowed."

"Edward," she replied, "there has hardly been a thought which I have put into this building that has not been associated with your own larger work that soon will stand as complete as this. We can never forget the sympathy in which we have wrought together, and should the life of either of us be the sacrifice needed to consecrate these efforts for the redemption of our people, let us cherish the undertaking of the other as our own."

"Yes, Eulalia, that will be the consolation of which either of us cannot be deprived, but rather I believe there are years before us in which we may together perfect them."

"I hope so, dearest; yet there seems to hover over me the suggestion of some disaster as the flight of that eagle's shadow darkens these sands as he soars above this cañon."

Nelson looked up with a sudden pang to the sky, and saw the bird floating proudly not far above the brink of the gorge, but in the light of the oblique rays of the sun his shadow was now moving over the hospital roof.

He shook off the superstitious dread which for the moment had chilled his heart, and looking down into Eulalia's face he said with intense emphasis:

"It is your greater soul that anticipates such a possible test of your devotion, my precious Eulalia. Cheer your heart rather with a brighter destiny and the assurance of rewards of present happiness for such unselfishness as yours."

Then, leaning over her, he kissed her radiant cheeks, and mounting his horse he rode down the cañon, waving again and again his hand toward his beloved as she stood on the steps of her beautiful "House of Comfort" and threw with both hands outstretched a kiss toward him when he turned the bend of the projecting cliff and cast a last look back on her whom he should so soon call his bride.

CHAPTER XXV

THE CAPTURE

It was an eventful summer on the Navajo reservation when the Hedipa Hospital was opened. The sick and suffering of this great tribe had never a thought before of what ordinary comforts and skilled nursing could bring to their diseased bodies and despondent minds. The fame of the hospital went over the mountains and mesas and entered miserable hogans on the farthest borders of their land. Many sufferers were too far removed to grasp at the new hope of life which it held out to others. Mothers brought their sick children by slow journeys on the backs of ponies to its open doors. Many isolated invalids were urged by friendly messengers to attempt to reach the care and skill that were waiting them in the Chelly Cañon. So each ward of the hospital was occupied by five or six patients in the first three months, and the peach-gathering time brought as many more to apply for aid and shelter for their sick, while the fruit was being gathered and dried upon the shelving sides of the cañon.

A few weeks under the care of Eulalia and her assistants wrought strange cures, and a new spirit lighted up sad faces. The squaws especially returned to their hogans exulting in the restoration

to health of their children or kinswomen by a woman's hand and skill.

Nizenni was revered as the representative of the goddess in whom they specially trusted.

The effect of the Industrial School building now approaching completion was not less remarkable and widespread. More than a hundred young men and boys of suitable age were waiting in the vicinity of the cañon to begin an education that would give their hands the skill which they had seen displayed in so many ways by the workmen. Captain Nelson's history had been told as widely as Eulalia's, and the military and police stationed on the slopes of the Carizo Mountains and around the cañon effectually repressed the open expressions of hostility of the conservatives, which were expected to reach some violent form as the time approached to open the school.

This was fixed for the middle of October. Another event of still deeper interest to Captain Nelson and Eulalia was arranged to precede the opening of the school. They were to be married at the agency on the first of that month. Eulalia, having resigned her position as agency physician, was then to take one already assigned to her by the authorities at Washington as assistant to Captain Nelson. The superintendence of the Hedipa Hospital was still to be retained by her and its details given to the head nurse, while she should daily visit and prescribe for the patients and control its management.

Redford and his daughter, Margaret, had arrived

at the hospital from Washington in order to witness the opening of the school, the success of the hospital, and especially to attend Eulalia's marriage ceremony, which was to be performed by their long-tried friend.

It was the middle of September, and again the time of harvest or maize dance, which, by traditions of the tribe, generally occurred in the Chelly Cañon. This dance had been with jealous care arranged by the Shamans and appointed to be held at the upper end of the cañon in the great bayou, where Hedipa and her companions many years before had taken refuge in a cavern from their fancied pursuers, and where the effects of the wonderful carving of the cliffs by ancient waters had aroused their superstitious fears for the fate of their daughters.

The conservative Navajos, in sympathy with the Shamans, had held a number of secret councils in which they had determined to make desperate effort to maintain their customs and religion against the aggressions of civilization. The disposition of the young men to make trial of the Chin-a-li school and the success of the hospital treatment and care filled the hearts of the Shamans with chagrin, and, as the respect for their own skill at healing and authority was daily lessened, their enmity increased against the two leaders of reform now so prominently before their people.

The Shamans had put on a bolder face to their followers in the secret meetings as the time of the maize dance approached, and at last demanded the

violent seizure of those who were making the tribe recreant to their traditions and faithless to the Navajo god. They had summoned all who would be faithful to them to attend the dance. From clan to clan their most eloquent and bitter emissaries had gone, visiting every part of the reservation and preparing them for the scene which would follow the festival.

They were instructed to come to the dance with their ordinary arms and paint, but to hide their ammunition and heavier guns in certain caves in a neighboring rincon which had a secret passage to the mesa above it. They would be supplied with weapons and cartridges from the secret arsenal in the mountains, which was the council place of the Shamans and of their most trusty warriors.

These preparations had been successfully concealed from the authorities at the agency, but Major Culvert had taken special precautions for the opening of the school and this annual assemblage of the Navajos. He had even requested an additional force of cavalry and four mountain howitzers to be sent from Fort Wingate to camp, five miles from the Cañon de Chelly, on a spur of the Carizo Mountains.

The night before the maize dance the last council of the Shamans was held in their secret fortress. They had been preparing for this culmination of their plot by a week of fasting and incantations to the spirits of their ancestors. A hundred and twenty selected warriors were to be concealed in a dense

wood beyond the cañon during the festival, and afterward protect and aid the Shamans in their contemplated violence. These warriors were admitted under the strictest oaths of secrecy to the fortress in which this council was held.

The unwonted number of followers present increased the excitement of the Shamans, and their incantations and dances soon reached a pitch of uncontrollable fury. The scene was such as comported with the strange objects that rose out of the darkness, appearing, by the lurid light of the piñon fires, like giant gods and demons stalking out of passages worn through the cliffs that surrounded a gorge hollowed by torrents which once rushed through the chasm or dashed against its sides and crumbled away their softer strata.

Now the whoops and shrieks of the dance filled these recesses with prayers worthy to be addressed to such demonlike forms. The warriors, huddled at first in amazed and terrified postures at the mouths of black caverns behind them, soon caught the fury of the dancers and dashed by twos and threes into their circles, imitating them in their gestures and motions and joining in their piercing cries. The assembly became at last a mass of infuriated beings in motion, winding in and out of the rocky passages and throwing up their arms to the spectral images that seemed to tower into the sky or bend favorably to their supplications in the increasing shadows.

For two or three hours this scene of demoniac

fury and shoutings was maintained, until the actors sank exhausted on the ground and still remained in stupor when daylight broke. But a few shook off the spell and prepared a feast over the renewed fires. About noon, having listened to the harangues of the Shamans, in which they revealed as much as was prudent of their plans, the warriors followed their leaders one by one out of the gorge. Before sundown they had reached their place of concealment near the cañon unperceived by the group of Navajos who were passing up the cañon to the place of the corn dance.

The people were gathering in unusual numbers from all directions, and as they went by the buildings at Chin-a-li and the Hedipa Hospital quite differently viewed them with admiration or with jealousy and hatred. Most of the women uttered words of praise for "Nizenni," as they fondly called Eulalia; some stopped at the gateway of the hospital and received her kindly greetings; a few sought to embrace her in gratitude for the recovery of their kinsfolk or her successful treatment of their own ailments.

Redford and Margaret had promised to accompany Eulalia and Captain Nelson to the maize dance, for the superintendent had chosen this opportunity to make himself known to his old acquaintances from all parts of the reservation and to win their favor toward his undertaking. Eulalia, so soon to enter upon the new relations of marriage, desired to revive the scenes of that last dance at Chin-a-li

when, a young maiden, she gave assent to that parting with her lover through which her life had been so transformed and ennobled in its aims and powers.

As Captain Nelson was detained beyond the appointed hour of their departure from Hedipa Hospital by the arrival of a government inspector at Chin-a-li, he sent a messenger up the cañon to say that he would meet them at the place of the dance, if he could not overtake them on their way. So Redford and Eulalia set out on their ponies, but were obliged to leave Margaret, unwillingly detained by the effects of her recent ride from Fort Defiance.

The evening was clear and the night air inspiriting, but the shadows of the cañon walls under which they rode were all the deeper for the moonlight which bathed the opposite sides of the cliffs. They were led by two guides, one of whom was Nesito, who had renewed his acquaintance with Eulalia, and having grown to a stalwart Navajo had been made a responsible employee of the hospital, serving both as steward and interpreter.

Eulalia was riding in a happy mood, recounting to Redford her experiences during the winter and the perplexities she had met and solved in the furtherance of her hospital enterprise. Then she pictured to him the content and happiness which she expected in their new plans after her long-deferred marriage, when they should begin together their hazardous efforts to transform their tribe.

Redford listened with wonder to her lively recital of what had been already done. As he heard her

often pathetic story he contrasted this scene with another when Hot-si and Chunda rode through a wild night of storm out of the darkness of this cañon to reach those changes in conditions and characters already accomplished.

They were yet half a mile from the place of the dance, and crossing the sandy bottom of a wide gulf in the gorge. Suddenly, from the nearer and darker side came the sound of horsemen dashing across the sands. Nesito turned his horse quickly, and rode back crying to Eulalia and her companion:

"Nizenni! Maestro! You are both in danger. It is the Shamans' cry, and I hear their war whoop echoed above the cliff. Ride fast toward the dance. There are friends among the people who will protect you. It is your only chance. You cannot turn, but beware of the Shamans. They hate you, Nizenni!"

Eulalia did not hesitate; she trusted the fidelity of Nesito, and urged her horse to the utmost speed. Redford fell behind as the trail grew narrower, but ere long they were both overtaken and their bridles seized by the foremost riders, who without checking their speed, turned the horses across the shallow current of the Chelly River. It was useless to remonstrate. As they reached the other side half a dozen warriors gathered around them and ordered them to dismount. In vain Eulalia told them they were making captive an officer of the government in seizing her. Their hands were bound and mufflers tightly drawn across their mouths, so that they could not speak, nor hardly could they breathe.

They were at the opening of a ravine cleft in the walls of the cañon and leading up a sharp ascent to the top. The Navajos quickly unloosened their lariats of horsehair from their saddles and tied them firmly around the waists of their captives. Then four of them went forward and two behind as they climbed up the rough ravine, dragging and pushing their helpless prisoners up the dark passageway, which grew wider toward the top. It had been made by the summer torrents falling over the cliffs, but from the bottom of the cañon it was hardly noticeable on account of its narrow opening and its winding through the harder sandstone below.

But this defile led to the hiding place of the Navajo warriors, who were soon exulting over the success of the adventure, which had been quickly planned by the aid of spies near the hospital. These had reported the departure of the company for the dance to some of the Shamans, and one of their hated opposers was already in their power.

CHAPTER XXVI

IN THE HIDDEN STRONGHOLD

The Maize dance in the Chelly Cañon was proceeding with unusual vigor under the direction of two or three Shamans assigned to this part of the plot for diverting the attention of the people who were friendly to the school and hospital. There was no interruption to the movements of the dance on account of the information which had been secretly given to the Shamans that those who were lying in wait had captured Nizenni and the Maestro. The superintendent had not yet been waylaid, and it was needful that the great assembly should not be disturbed by the knowledge of the outrage already committed. It would soon enough cause a division of the tribe after they had put away the leaders in the movement for education and change of their customs.

In an hour or two the Shamans managed to transfer their costumes of headdress, feathers and paint to younger men who were their adepts or learners. The older men withdrew to set out for the council house, and, their absence being noticed by some of their supporters, they began to gather apart in small groups, and after hurried consultations disappeared in the darkness.

The Shamans had planned for the removal of

Nelson and Nizenni, whom they hoped to capture together, to the council house and fortress in the mountains. The principal men favoring the Shamans were to follow, with the warriors, during the night, and in their presence the Shamans were to hold a trial of the captives, who were to be accused of witchcraft and by cruel methods of exorcism forced to renounce their Christian faith and their efforts to change the tribe, or to suffer the death by torture which they would justify by an ancient tradition, but which, for many years, had not been inflicted on any of their tribe.

That this plan might be executed quickly, and before a rescue could be effected by the friends of the captives, the warriors were instructed to remove them at once to the mountain fortress.

Eulalia and Mr. Redford, therefore, had been mounted on horses and, guarded by about twenty warriors, were started on a rough trail to the mountain gorge where, the night before, the devil dance had infuriated their followers and prepared them to resist the troops that might be sent against them.

They rode in the gloom of night, for the moon had now disappeared. The trail was strewn with rocks, over which the horses of the captives stumbled, and they were often obliged to dismount at steep places on the mountainside. The mufflers over their faces not only prevented their speaking to each other, but interfered with their breathing in the difficult parts of the ascent. They were, therefore, released from the stifling bandages and lariat

bonds, but that they might exchange no word or utter a cry for help they were separated and put under different guards.

Half conscious of their desperate situation, the captives rode on with feelings dulled by pain and fatigue and by the shock which their capture and violent removal out of the cañon had brought to them.

The air was growing colder and their limbs were numbed, but neither Redford nor Eulalia yet despaired of being rescued. Eulalia had such confidence in the sympathy and friendship of her people that she believed they would soon interfere with their captors and insist on her release. Redford thought they would delay to inflict any violence which might be intended until there was some council of the principal men of their party over their captives, and meanwhile Captain Nelson and the troops at his call would make a rapid pursuit and deliver them. But, though ignorant of the designs of their foes, each felt that never before had they need of such courage and fortitude and of divine protection as in the trouble which had now befallen them.

As the hours of that ride passed, widening the distance between them and their friends, who, perhaps, did not yet know of their capture, the conviction of their terrible plight was forced upon them. They perceived that they were being carried into a rough and unfrequented part of the reservation. There was but a single trail, instead of several side

by side where many were wont to ride together. The cold was increasingly severe. They shivered in their light wraps. Little was said by the Navajo warriors, and they gave no heed to questions or remonstrances from their captives, who, as the hours went on, were convinced that they were to be detained a long time from their friends. There were more foreboding evils. They were to be in the power of the Shamans, and Eulalia knew well their vindictiveness and desperation. As a member of the tribe, she was liable to be charged by them with crimes which she could only expiate by a cruel death. Redford was hated as a white man and cursed for his influence over their people, and for his instigation of the building of institutions and change of occupations which would free them from the control of the Shamans. Only the fear of the government at Washington had hitherto restrained them from violence against him. Would he be safe from it now, when he was wholly in their power, although by an accident which had delivered him rather than Captain Nelson into their clutches?

Such thoughts were now bringing both Eulalia and her companion, though separate from each other, into a state of anxiety and alarm in sorrowful contrast with the happy anticipations and sympathies in which they had indulged as they rode away from Hedipa Hospital the previous afternoon.

Neither of them could satisfactorily conjecture what would be the measures for their recapture, for the speedy announcement of their seizure by the

ENTRANCE TO THE GORGE

Navajos depended on the fidelity and safety of their two guides. Would they ever be found in this mysterious retreat to which they were being carried? Could any force rescue them from the wrath and cruelty of the Shamans? Eulalia turned from these questions which rose repeatedly to her lips to quiet her heart with the assurance that her betrothed, though filled with anguish at her fate, would spare no effort to solve its mystery. She knew not the will of God, whether or not it would preserve her life, but she believed in the devotion of him whom she was so soon to call her husband. Her faith roused her to stronger purpose and willingness to suffer, if need be, for what had been already accomplished through her for the redemption of her people. Long before this she had resolved to die before she would relinquish her efforts for her helpless and suffering kinsfolk.

The sunlight was streaming over the rugged spur of the mountain they had been climbing for the last hour, when the captives looked down into a rock-girt basin. Isolated rocks rose in distorted shapes of men and animals beneath her. The black mouths of caverns and the shadows of narrow rocky passages increased the terrors of the scene. Here was the hiding place of the warriors, the council house of the Shamans, the secret arsenal and fortress known only to the principal men of the tribe, who were their trusty followers. They had approached this retreat by a single trail through a narrow cañon, but now the warriors led their captives far

within the basin and stopped under the shadow of a blackened wall that divided an open space and contained a cavern which afforded a secure lodgment for their victims. Here they were placed beside a fire, and food was offered to them.

Happily they were now together, yet they waited an opportunity to speak alone and to encourage each other in their dismal plight. But soon Eulalia, leaning against a rock, sank to sleep from exhaustion and grief, while Redford calmed his spirit with a prayer for that human succor which only Heaven could make effective for their deliverance from such a dungeon.

In the excitement of the flight and capture in the cañon Nesito had been separated from the other guide, and riding into the shadow of the wall opposite the ravine he watched the motions of the captors. As he was trying to discover the intentions of the Navajos as to the disposal of their prisoners he recalled the name of the secret council house, which one of the Navajos had uttered as they were crossing the stream. He had often heard of its existence, but as a secret hidden from most of the tribe. Nesito also bethought himself of Captain Nelson and of his danger, should he be also waited for in this place.

The Navajos had disappeared up the ravine, leaving their horses in charge of one of their number. It was difficult to avoid suspicion should he move out of the shadows, but he turned his horse's head down the cañon and slowly rode away. Hearing others behind him, he quickened his pace, and,

finding he was not molested, put his horse to a swift gallop. He was near the hospital when he met Captain Nelson and told him not only of his danger, but the dreadful tidings of the capture of Nizenni and the Maestro. He then, in calmer tones, recounted the rumors he had heard of the gathering of the warriors for some secret expedition and the probable place to which they had borne their prisoners for concealment.

Captain Nelson listened with a pallid face to the terrible news; then he grew livid with wrath. But it was, he remembered, the time for self-control and calm decision, and in a few minutes he had chosen how to meet the fearful emergency. Turning his horse, he rode quickly to the hospital, summoned the attendants, and, sending for Margaret, told them all of the capture and the flight of the warriors.

To pacify the terror and grief of Margaret he asked her to take charge of the hospital in Eulalia's place, give directions to the nurses and patients, and conduct the household until he should return. Then, writing a dispatch to Major Culvert, who was at Chin-a-li with the government inspector, he gave the tidings of Eulalia's capture and the additional information of the Shaman conspiracy which friendly Navajos had been bringing him since he arrived at the hospital, and asked that the military forces and mounted police be summoned to Chin-a-li to guard the buildings and march to the rescue of the captives. Captain Nelson added that he knew the place where they would be concealed. When

on one of his hunts in his youth he had followed a trail up a mountain and discovered the secret resort of the Shamans. He had explored its caves and rocky channels and discovered even then some of the arms and ammunition there kept in hiding. Returning, he had revealed the discovery to the chief, his father, by whom he had been enjoined to the strictest secrecy. Now the remembrance of it filled him with dread for the fate of his beloved Eulalia and her companion in the power of the most cruel and violent men of the tribe. He was sure he could discover again the beginning of the trail and guide a force to the inevitable conflict which would take place. He concluded his dispatch in these words: "Let every available soldier and mounted Navajo policemen, who is not needed for the defense of the school and hospital buildings, be mustered for this hazardous service. I will be at China-li at daybreak."

The dispatch was sent by Nesito and another trusty Navajo, and in half an hour was in Major Culvert's hands.

Meanwhile, Captain Nelson, who could not leave the hospital without sufficient protection, had been imparting to Margaret Redford and the nurses some of the apparent hopefulness with which he entered upon the arrangements for the march and rescue, though his heart was being torn with anguish for his betrothed.

The friendly Navajos were gathering in considerable numbers at the hospital. Many of them were

armed with Winchesters, and those who were known to him he called together and told them of the outrage that had been already committed at the instigation of the Shamans. Relying upon their devotion to Eulalia, he asked them to form a guard for the hospital and to send trusty scouts up the cañon to report the approach of any Navajos in war paint. He also organized them under their principal men into an auxiliary force to the soldiers who would be stationed at the hospital in the morning.

Then Captain Nelson called for volunteers to guard in a similar way the buildings at Chin-a-li. More than fifty Navajos promised to be there at sunrise. Most of them waited until Captain Nelson's departure, that they might be properly vouched for to the officer in command.

The hours of the night, so painfully passed by the captives in their cruel bonds, were thus spent in preparations for their deliverance and the safety of the institutions for which their lives were now in peril.

Major Culvert had acted promptly on the receipt of the alarming news and dispatch from the superintendent, and as the sun was rising the whole available force of cavalry with their howitzers arrived at Chin-a-li, where they found Captain Nelson and the Navajo volunteers and Major Culvert with the mounted police already on the ground.

The troops and volunteers were quickly detailed for service. A guard of twenty soldiers, with a howitzer, was sent to the Hedipa Hospital. An-

other guard of twenty-five soldiers, with fifty Navajos and a howitzer, was stationed in and around the Industrial School buildings. Fifty picked cavalry and twenty of the police under Major Culvert, with two howitzers and ten Navajo scouts, constituted the force which, without much delay, was ordered to take up their line of march under the guidance of Captain Nelson and in command of Major Medford, a recognized veteran of experience in Apache fighting.

The road up to the mesa above the Chelly Cañon was difficult, but when the level ground was reached Captain Nelson started in an easterly course over a trail leading to a range of mountains occasionally seen above the piñon trees which covered the mesa. Making for a low spur of this range, he found a ravine, which, being followed to its head, brought them into a trail on which many fresh tracks of horses and footmen were seen. His hunter's instinct, quickened by the intense eagerness and agony of his mind, had discovered the trail which twenty years before had led him to the spot where was now concealed and in savage hands the one without whom life would seem a mockery of all his hopes and happiness.

It was two o'clock in the afternoon when the scouts reported this trail. Nelson thought that there were at least twenty miles of mountain climbing before they could reach the fortress of the Navajos. The trail was more and more difficult, and the last five miles would be through thickets and wood-

growths requiring the most cautious advance to guard against ambuscades.

It was evident that it would be nightfall before the gorge or basin could be reached where the Shamans and their followers were posted. They would guard most jealously the narrow rocky cañon, where they would make their most vigorous defense. The cavalry would be impeded by their horses, and Major Medford, therefore, ordered that his troops and the police should dismount at the entrance of the wood, and advance with the howitzers on foot, throwing out scouts to discover the beginning of the cañon, and there to halt till daylight. Then the engagement should begin, if they were not sooner attacked, and should be relentlessly fought for the extermination of the Shamans and all of the warriors who, refusing to surrender, should fight in their defense.

Without doubt, the hostile Navajos had been already informed of the approach of the troops, and, unless they were fully committed to the side of the Shamans, many would be likely to desert them before sundown; but the rest would make a stubborn resistance in what seemed to them a place impossible to penetrate if resolutely defended.

There were increasing dangers from ambuscade as the attacking force made their way upward through ravines and thickets, but no attack was attempted. The Shamans evidently desired to retain all their strength for the defense of their stronghold. If they could make a successful resistance, and kill a

few United States troops, they believed the war spirit would spread like a devouring flame through their mesa parks, and that few of their three thousand able-bodied warriors would fail to take the warpath against the foes to their traditions and their people. Then they could quickly destroy all the troops within or on the borders of their reservation.

They had boldly struck at the leaders of the reform movement in their tribe. It was likely that they would hasten to condemn them to death, that their blood might infuriate their followers to a spirited defense and a devastating war.

These aspects of the situation seemed to increase the peril of Eulalia and Redford. The progress of the march was so slow that Captain Nelson's heart was wrenched at every delay, and the postponement of the attack till morning snatched away all reasonable hope that the lives of the captives would be spared.

But the success of the attack depended on the advantages which daylight would afford in the deadly assault that would lead to the destruction of one or the other of the conflicting forces.

CHAPTER XXVII

THROUGH THE FIRES INTO LIFE

The morning hours had passed in the mountain fortress with increasing forebodings of evil designs against the captives. It was a relief to Redford to perceive Eulalia's exhaustion, for she was still much inclined to sleep and but partly sensible of the peril that hung over them both. From the entrance of the cavern where they were confined could be seen much that was transpiring around them. New faces were peering in upon them every few minutes, and the noise of many voices and angry altercations was reëchoed from the rocks and caves around the open space upon which they looked from their prison.

There were many arrivals from the dance until noon, each one announced by an exulting laugh or whoop as they leaped down into the gorge. There was evidently yet no thought of the avenging force that was approaching them from another direction than the one they had taken, and by a trail known to only the chief Shamans. Their movements were too deliberate to betray any unusual excitement, such as the report of the advance of a rescuing party would have produced among these warriors.

The Shamans were heard to announce that they would wait until sundown, that everyone of their own number might be present at the trial of the cap-

tives, and a few other principal men of large influence might arrive, on whose coöperation they were depending in their plot to expel the white men from their reservation. Their absence had already caused them some uneasiness.

But it was difficult to restrain the growing impatience of those who were already here. Some of them insisted that a force be sent to guard the entrance of the gorge as far as the beginning of the mountain cañon. There were a few who volunteered to go, but no one to give the command. The war chief had not yet arrived. Without his consent their fighting would be unauthorized and desultory, and must fail to command the support of the tribe. But there were a number of scouts who posted themselves at the entrance of the gorge to learn from late comers any tidings they might have of the movements of troops near Chin-a-li.

About four o'clock in the afternoon the Shamans decided to begin the trial in order to hold the restless warriors within the fortress. Fires were lighted in the center of the open space, and the Navajos with fierce and exulting countenances seated themselves in a large circle around the burning logs of piñon and cedar.

Fifteen Shamans, arrayed in their most imposing dresses and ornaments and in hideous masks, came slowly out from their council house, a large inclosure of high rocks, and took seats upon a ledge elevated above the others. Nearly a hundred and fifty grim warriors and a few principal men who

were not yet in war paint joined in the low chant which was started by a Shaman. As its tones reached the ears of the captives Eulalia comprehended by the few words that came at intervals distinctly to her the deadly purpose of their council. She knew that her life and that of her fellow captive depended now on the effect of the incantations of the malignant Shamans on the inflammable and savage passions of the warriors.

The sounds rose louder and more piercing, and the shouts of the warriors drowned the shrill cries of the leaders. Then the din suddenly ceased. Five warriors appeared at the mouth of the cavern, darted in, and seizing the prisoners by the hands made them rise to their feet. They cut the bands which held their limbs, led them out into the dazzling firelight, and placed them in the midst of the circle of faces grim with fury, for their voices had been by command of the Shamans abruptly stilled.

As an angry murmur was beginning to go over the assembly the chief Shaman rose and pointed to Eulalia. Another came forward and laying hold of her outer wrap tore it from her shoulders. Then, throwing over her head the skirt of a Navajo woman and fastening a blanket around her shoulders, that she might thus be clothed in the garb of her tribe, he led her forward to the seats of the Shamans. As Eulalia left Redford's side, with unfaltering voice he said:

"Courage, brave heart. Your Lord also witnessed a good confession. He will sustain you, and

by his Spirit tell you what to say to your accusers. You have fought a good fight. Perhaps you have finished your course already in your youth, but you have kept the faith, and your people will be redeemed. Your crown awaits you above. Farewell, Eulalia!"

She turned a look of grateful love upon her companion. She had only time to say, "God be with you too, dear friend," and walked firmly away toward her foes.

Then the chief Shaman in loud voice told the changes that this treacherous daughter of their tribe had already wrought, and the power she had gained over the minds of their women, whom she was leading astray from their gods. He declared her in league not only with the recreant son of one of their chiefs who had returned from the white men to delude their youth, but she was also possessed by devils that would destroy their children, bring disease on their flocks, and blight their cornfields till the tribe should dwindle away and the white men take possession of the country of their fathers. He ended his charges with a torrent of invectives and curses, demanding that this woman be tortured in order to exorcise the devil and destroy her witch power, and that then she be burned to appease the Navajo god.

The accuser's words produced an effect more quickly than he could have expected. Loud cries went around the circle of listeners, and they sprang to their feet in their excitement, but Eulalia grew

calmer amid their imprecations and raised her eyes toward heaven.

The chief Shaman suddenly motioned for silence, and after a moment's pause turned to the accused maiden.

"Nizenni," he cried, "will you cease your efforts to change your people? Will you submit to the power and guidance of the Shamans? Will you again declare your faith in the gods of your ancestors?"

Eulalia looked resolutely into the eyes of the Shaman, who had now dropped his mask, and she perceived their malice and cunning. Then, raising her voice in clear but gentle accents, she replied:

"I have nothing to declare but my faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, which is dearer to me than life. My work for my people no suffering you can inflict shall ever make me cease, or them forget, so long as I live."

Then, turning to her foes around her, she cried:

"What have I ever done to you that was evil? Have I not relieved the sickness and pain of your wives and children? What death have I hastened? What words have I spoken to deceive them? For that good work which I have wrought among you will you consent to my condemnation to cruel pain and death?"

Eulalia's face so shone with the light of love that it touched a chief's son who was already of great influence among his nation, and who, though in this murderous throng, had no war paint on his face.

He stepped forward to separate himself from the others and cried out:

"Navajos, beware of your Shaman masters! Protect this girl of your tribe from their wrath. Her death will be avenged."

A shout interrupted this bold outcry so unexpected. The warriors sprang to their feet and brandished their rifles and spears.

"Let her be tried by fire!" "Kill the devil in her!" "Save the tribe!" they hoarsely yelled.

The chief Shaman seized the favorable moment of fury that had taken possession of the assembly. He made a gesture toward a cave to which two of the Shamans ran, and then quickly came back holding in their hands iron pincers flaming hot.

They rushed up to Eulalia, while the cries of the warriors again were hushed. They tore the blanket from her shoulders and stripped her dress from her arms and neck, laying bare her bosom, from which they each tore out with the red-hot prongs pieces of quivering flesh.

In those moments of torture Eulalia uttered no sound. Then, as they ceased, she looked down on her bleeding bosom in an ecstasy of the spirit.

"Thus, Lord," she cried, in triumph over her agony, "do they write thy name over my heart. Thou givest me the victory, O Christ! For thee and my people I suffer. Thy will be done!"

A martyr spirit from the early days of the church must have waved over her head at that moment a palm of victory, for a strange light flashed upon

the dreadful scene and rested for a moment on her rapt face, whose beautiful eyes glanced upward ere she sank to the ground.

The test of exorcism had failed. No demoniac cry had come from the victim as the evil spirit fled.

But the hate of devils in human form had not been sated. The Shamans now called above the confusion for wood and fire. Some of them leaped to the ground and seized sticks from a pile of piñon, while others bound the trembling form of Eulalia to a post and heaped around her feet the pitchy fuel. A brand was cast under it. The flame arose, but still the victim uttered no witch's scream.

A cry of agony escaped from Redford. He had burst his bonds and, leaping to the pile, had scattered with his feet the half-kindled sticks, when a shot rang out above the angry roar of the warriors, and he fell at her side in mortal agony.

That shot from a Navajo rifle awakened others. A startling volley reëchoed from the entrance of the gorge, which was in full view of the scene. Ten of the Shamans, standing on the ledge, had been prominent marks for the unerring rifles of the troops, who now thronged the gorge. Their bullets had also plowed through the massed warriors, of whom a score had fallen, leaving a wide gap through to the smoking brands. Another volley made a path in another direction through the warriors, who had crowded closely together, and twenty soldiers, led by Captain Nelson, dashed over the bodies of those that fell. A moment more and they

had cut the lariat which held the victim to the stake, and Nelson, catching her in his arms, bore her behind the rampart of rock into the cave where she had been confined.

For a few moments there was an awful struggle. The warriors changed their shouts to mad war whoops and seized their rifles. But fifty soldiers and trained police were charging upon them with carbines in one hand and swords or revolvers in the other, as they fought hand-to-hand with the desperate savages. Many of these fled to the rocks, from which they poured a rapid fire upon the soldiers. But they were relentlessly pursued by the latter to their corners and there mercilessly slain in their tracks.

The Shamans who survived the first volley fled to their council house, and a dozen cavalrymen, witnessing their flight, pursued them and cut them down with their swords.

That hour was the doom of Shamanism. Its sun had set, and there rose above the smoke of its destruction the star of a better hope for the Navajo nation.

The followers of the Shamans who persisted in fighting shared their fate, and the rest in half an hour had been hunted out of their hiding places and brought to the spot where they had exultingly witnessed the sufferings of the innocent victim of their hatred and superstition. Scarcely a third of the warriors survived the carnage of that half hour. They sullenly surrendered their arms to the victors,

and were put under a heavy guard in the Shamans' council house, from which there was no escape.

Of the eighteen soldiers and Navajo police that fell in this conflict, six were killed and seven others mortally wounded. As their comrades were gathering them out of the heaped-up bodies of the dead warriors they came upon the lifeless form of Redford lying amid the smoking brands which he had dashed away from Eulalia before she was overcome by the flame which had been driven by gusts of air into her face. Taking up his body, the soldiers laid it beside their dead comrades, casting a soldier's coat over it, and reported their discovery to Major Culvert.

Eulalia had been wonderfully delivered from the missiles which flew so thickly about her, but there was little hope of restoring her to consciousness. While the conflict was raging Captain Nelson, in the cavern to which he had borne her helpless body away from the fighting, was chafing her hands, and from time to time forcing brandy into her mouth. She had firmly set her lips and shut her eyes when the flame rose around her, but it had, at the moment of her rescue, reached her lungs and caused a collapse, from which there were now but the faintest signs of recovery in a slight motion of her lips and a flutter at her heart.

The darkness had now settled upon the awful scene of death within this rock-girt valley, but fires were burning to aid the victors in caring for the wounded and piling the dead in heaps. Guards

were set at the entrance of the gorge which had proved such a fatal inclosure to those who had so long plotted here to enforce and maintain, by violence and war, the traditions of their nation.

The insane fury of the warriors and their absorption in the cruelties of Eulalia's trial and tortures, which had also engrossed the attention of their sentinels, had made possible the surprise which had overwhelmed them with well-deserved vengeance. But they had been betrayed by one whose daughter had been healed by Nizenni's skill, though he had remained obdurate to the entreaties of his wife to join the supporters of her work.

The sight of Nizenni's pitiful condition as she was awaiting her fate in the cavern, which he knew would be certain condemnation and death, had unnerved his stern heart, already moved by her kindness, and he had fled from the fortress down the trail where he met the troops after they had dismounted. Led by the scouts to Major Medford, he had told him, in the presence of Captain Nelson, the peril of Nizenni and the Maestro, and of the warriors' ignorance of the near approach of the troops. Major Medford needed no urging, therefore, to order the troops to an immediate attack and rescue of the prisoners. The soldiers remounted their horses and forced their way through the thickets and openings of the wood to within a mile of the gorge. Then, dragging the howitzers up the steep sides of the mountain, they reached the cañon, which they found deserted, and captured the Navajos at

the entrance of the fortress before their alarm was perceived by the infuriated warriors at their murderous revel. The howitzers were placed in a position to cut off their retreat and loaded with shrapnel. Then, forming for charge, they fired their first rifle volleys from two directions upon the throng of Navajos, and dashed into hand-to-hand conflict ere the warriors were fully aware of the strength of their assailants.

The night was spent by Nelson and Major Culvert in anxious watching over Eulalia, slowly returning to consciousness, but there was but little hope that she could survive the shock and prostration which revived sensibility to pain would bring upon her. Though the wounded soldiers needed his utmost skill and strength, the army surgeon, while caring for the brave veterans, at their own request came every half hour to alleviate her suffering and administer such gentle stimulants as were at his command.

The construction of rude stretchers and litters for the dead and wounded went on through the night. In the morning the hidden arms and ammunition of the Navajos were gathered out of the caves and packed for transportation. The prisoners were securely bound and orders given to their guards to shoot them down if they attempted to escape on the march to Chin-a-li, which began before noon.

Saddest, perhaps, of the sights in that long train which stretched through the cañon was the litter, carefully covered with canvas, that bore the almost

lifeless victim, still lingering in stupor, from that place of dreadful slaughter. Behind the group of bearers that surrounded her litter was carried the body of her companion in captivity on the rude stretcher, still covered with the soldier's cloak. Then followed other stretchers on which lay the wounded soldiers and their dead comrades. The mountain fortress became a charnel house for the slain Navajos. With wholesome dread of their crime and its expiation, their people have never again entered it, and avoid every trail that leads into the gorge.

It was near the close of the day that the train reached Chin-a-li, where the dead soldiers and Navajo police were left for burial; but Eulalia's litter, followed by the body of her faithful friend and the wounded soldiers, was carried on to Hedipa Hospital.

The tidings of the conflict and its tragic ending had reached Margaret by a scout sent forward by Major Medford. She had waited all the afternoon and evening for the wounded soldiers, for whom every needed preparation was made in the ward and operating room, but when toward evening another courier brought a letter from Major Culvert at Chin-a-li, telling her of the torture of Eulalia and that her father was dead, she rallied all her self-control to stem the tide of grief that seemed ready to overwhelm her spirit.

. . . . . .

They bore Eulalia to her room, for she was in

the tender care of Captain Nelson and the nurses, and unconscious of what was done with her. But Margaret Redford received her father's lifeless body, calmly giving directions for its disposal till she could be left alone with it. She knelt beside the cot on which it was laid, and called Nesito, who had learned from a wounded Navajo, ere he died, the story of her father's rescue of Eulalia from the flames. With surprise and anguish Margaret listened to its recital, then bowed in reverence and tears over one who had heroically "finished a life heroic" in its sacrifice for others.

In the loneliness of that silent cañon, still in the early hours of the morning, she knelt by that loved form. There seemed to be no more, for her, a wisdom not her own on which she could lean. The years had taken from her both father and mother, but their unselfish lives were calling her to take up a lowly work of love among these poor children of God.

They buried Redford near the grave of Hedipa, where, by the service of the church, he had consecrated the ground in which his own ashes were to lie in the hope of the resurrection of the dead.

Was Eulalia to be placed beside him? This was an anxious question of her friends in many days and weeks of watching and tenderest care. Slowly she returned to conscious life, but at first her feeble grasp upon it seemed often to be loosened. Still she struggled. The watchfulness of Margaret, the skill of the devoted nurses, the undying hope of

Captain Nelson, all combined to help her live. Fate seemed against it; but at last she stepped again upon her feet and moved about her room. Then she gained more rapidly.

One day she was wheeled through the corridors of the hospital to the broad portal to look up the cañon where, many weeks before, she joyfully rode with her protector to the dance. The scene brought back her ardent hopes on that evening to be to him who had since then so devotedly rescued and cared for her the loving helper of his noble undertaking. She was stronger the next day.

By the sympathy and smiles of her people, who now often stopped at the hospital gate, she was encouraged, and a belief in her recovery was inspired within her soul by the light of hope in their eyes.

One summer evening Captain Nelson, sitting beside her reclining chair on the portal, observed with anxiety an unusual flush on her pale cheeks which lingered after the sunset hues had ceased to be reflected upon them from the reddened sides of the cañon.

He put forth his hand to stroke her brow, but she gently took it in her own and held it back, while she said, pausing for strength to give answer to his long-waiting heart:

"Edward, tomorrow will be the anniversary of the completion of the hospital. Let us thank God and take courage. Your work is fully begun and prospers; mine is established in the hearts of these Navajos, and I am ready to leave it to her who has

so tenderly watched me and guided its affairs in my sickness. Margaret has told me of Major Culvert's longing to make her his, and they are betrothed already. Let us make a place for them here. No one could better direct this work than my loved foster sister, and her lover has today received notice of his reappointment. There is a place for me at Chin-a-li. You shall give it to me, as you have so often and tenderly urged, as soon as you can find some one to make me, with Heaven's blessing, your wife."

Nelson bent lovingly toward her as she was speaking; he kissed again and again her trembling lips when she uttered that precious word. Then he said softly:

"The Bishop arrived at Fort Defiance yesterday. He will come to Chin-a-li with Major Culvert tomorrow. Is that too soon, my darling?"

She lifted her beautiful eyes so that their wondrous radiance fell upon his face and lighted his own with joy. Then, giving her hand, she whispered:

"Tomorrow? Then I must speak to Margaret now."

THE END.

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